MR. BODLEY
ABROAD.

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THE BODLEY BOOKS.

This series of books consists of five volumes, each independent of the others, but since the characters are the same in all there is a natural connection between them, and the order of their appearance indicates also the gradual growth of the children who make up the younger members of the Bodley Family. The series is as follows : —

I. *DOINGS OF THE BODLEY FAMILY IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.*

This contains some of the doings of Nathan, Philippa, and Lucy Bodley, their father and mother, the hired man Martin, and Nathan's Cousin Ned, upon their removal from Boston to Roxbury. It introduces, also, Nathan's pig, the dog Neptune, Lucy's kitten, Lucy's doll, Mr. Bottom the horse, chickens, mice; it has stories told to the children by their parents, by Martin, and by each other. Martin's brother Hen is referred to occasionally.

II. *THE BODLEYS TELLING STORIES.*

In this book Nathan's cousin, Ned Adams, a young collegian, is shown as much of the time living with his cousins, and Nurse Young becomes a part of the family. The children are entertained with a good many stories, especially from American history; they have a Mother Goose party, and go on a journey to Cape Cod. Hen remains in the background.

III. *THE BODLEYS ON WHEELS.*

The family enter a carryall and drive, accompanied by Ned on horseback, along the coast of Massachusetts Bay from Boston to Gloucester, and thence, through Ipswich and Rowley, to Newburyport, and so home again. Their drive leads them through historic places and by spots made famous in poetry and legend. On their arrival home they find Martin's brother Hen in the barn, just back from a long voyage.

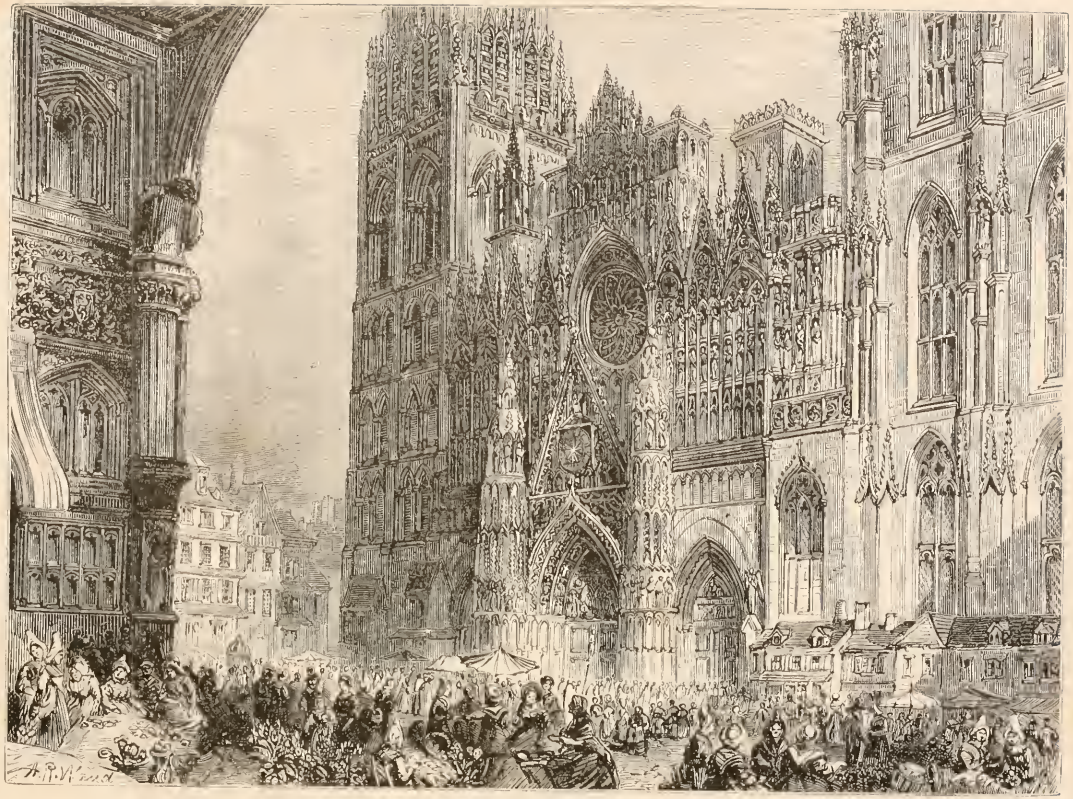
IV. *THE BODLEYS AFOOT.*

Hen entertains the children with yarns, and, Ned Adams suddenly appearing, it is proposed that he and Nathan should take a walk to New York. They set out by Dedham and the old road to Hartford, through Pomfret ; but at Hartford, where they stay a few days with some old relatives, they are joined by Mrs. Bodley, Phippy, and Lucy, who go down the Connecticut River with them to Saybrook, and then go back to Boston, leaving the boys to continue their walk to New York. They are stopped, however, at New Haven, by a dispatch from Mr. Bodley, which brings them back at once by rail.

V. *MR. BODLEY ABROAD.*

The reason of the dispatch is that Mr. Bodley is unexpectedly called to Europe, and in this final volume of the series he goes abroad, while the rest of the family at first go for a fortnight to Cape Cod, and then return to Roxbury. Mr. Bodley does not return till Thanksgiving time, but he writes letters home, and, after he returns, tells stories of Europe. The children, besides, have their own journeys and adventures, so that Europe and America appear in equal proportions. Mrs. Bodley, who stays at home, has been to Europe before, so that she is able to enlarge on what Mr. Bodley writes home, and Hen, who has gone off on a voyage, stumbles upon Mr. Bodley abroad, and comes back before him with fresh yarns.

The time of the five stories is about 1848–1852.



ROUEN CATHEDRAL.

MR. BODLEY ABROAD

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"THE BODLEYS AFOOT," "THE BODLEYS ON WHEELS," "THE BODLEYS TELLING STORIES," "DOINGS OF THE BODLEY FAMILY IN TOWN AND COUNTRY," "STORIES FROM MY ATTIC," "DREAM CHILDREN," AND "SEVEN LITTLE PEOPLE AND THEIR FRIENDS"

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

BOSTON
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MR. BODLEY ABROAD.

CHAPTER I.

GRAND-UNCLE ELISHA.

MR. CHARLES BODLEY left his family at home at Roseland when he sailed for Europe, early in July, about thirty years ago; but on the very day, the Fourth of July, when he was steaming out of New York harbor, the family itself, that is, Mrs. Bodley, Nathan, Philippa, and Lucy, with their cousin Ned Adams, set out on a land voyage to their uncle Elisha's at Scupper's Point, Hyannis Port, Cape Cod. That was the old homestead, where Great Gran'ther Scupper had lived and died, after bringing up twelve sons and eight daughters, and there still lived Grand-Uncle Elisha Scupper, in the house which his father had built, and which had taken on a room here and a room there until it was rather difficult to find the original house. It stood with its back to the ocean, looking out upon a little garden, which was always bright with portulacca, petunias, and hollyhocks. Across the country road which strayed over from Hyannis was a square built store, with a faded sign of D. SCUPPER upon its face. The Port was once a busy place for fishermen and their families, and Squire Scupper had been the head and centre of the little community; but for

many years now there had been no business done here, and Squire Scupper's son kept the key of the store hung in the entry of the old house, taking it down to open the door when some neighbor wanted a spool of thread, a few raisins, or some split pease out of the little stock that was kept for the convenience of the neighborhood. Once in a while, on a bright afternoon, Uncle Elisha would open the doors wider and sit in a great arm-chair made for Squire Scupper, and big enough now to hold two people with ease, especially since one of the arms was gone, and there he would read the newspaper and entertain any chance passer.

The Bodleys always counted on this yearly visit to the Cape, and now that their father had gone they were particularly glad to make the journey with their mother, for it seemed lonely at home. They set out, as I said, on the Fourth of July, and the crackers were popping briskly as they took the early stage-coach. They usually went in their own carryall, but this year they were to go by the public conveyance. Martin, their hired man, had driven them into town to take the stage, and the morning air was still cool, but as the day wore on it became excessively hot.

"I suppose your father is just starting," said Mrs. Bodley about eleven o'clock.

"I wish his steamer went by Uncle Elisha's," said Nathan. "I 'd wave my pocket handkerchief at him."

"So would I mine," said Cousin Ned, mopping his forehead, "if it would wave; but there is n't a particle of air stirring, and my handkerchief is as stringy as a fishing-line. Would n't I like to be off the breakwater at this moment, or diving off one of the rocks!"

"We 'll play this stage-coach is a steamer," said Phippy, "and

we 're 'alone. alone, all, all alone, alone on a wide, wide sea.' Mother, I suppose the Fourth of July is the very middlest middle of midsummer, is n't it? Yesterday was near the top, and to-morrow will begin to fall off, but to-day is the very most middle point, and exactly at twelve o'clock we shall be at the point of a pin. Yes, it will begin to be Fall at one minute after twelve o'clock, at one second after twelve."

"Poh," said Nathan. "The very middle must be at twelve o'clock at night between the thirtieth of June and the first of July."

"Well, it 's hotter now than it was last Saturday," rejoined Phippy.

"You 're both wrong," said Ned, pulling up a limp dickey. "Children, midsummer is the twenty-fourth day of June."

"Just hear him; how wise he is. Where did you find that out, Mr. Adams?"

"Oh, I learned it when I was in Ireland."

"Was ye iver in Ireland?" The voice came from a corner of the coach where sat a passenger, the only other one beside the family, a woman decently dressed. who had hitherto kept silence. Ned laughed.

"Ye 're foolin' me," said the woman good-naturedly. "But manny a time I 've watched a midsummer ave, and that 's the same as the ave of St. John the Baptist. It 's all the same thing." The children looked at their mother.

"Yes," said Mrs. Bodley; "in Europe St. John's Eve and Midsummer Eve are one and the same. Did you ever gather St. John's wort, then?" she asked, with a smile, of their neighbor.

"Indade, no, but I 've sat up manny a time to see that my sowl did n't wander."

"What does she mean?" whispered Lucy. The woman had quick ears.

"Did ye never hear that on that night ivery body's sowl laves his body and flies off to the place where the man or woman 'll die some day?"

"Never," said Ned.

"Wil, it does."

"But what 's the St. John's wort for, mother?" asked Lucy, who wished to get away from such an uncanny subject.

"That is one of the superstitions of the day. I don't know how general it is now, but I suppose in some places young men and women still go out in search of this plant and others, which they think have magical powers. Girls used to think that if they put one of these flowers in their room that night, they could tell in the morning, by the way it bent, whether they should be married within a year or not."

"Then there 's no use in our hunting yet," said Phippy, with becoming philosophy. "We 're too young."

The stage-route did not pass through Plymouth and the Manomet Woods, but by Middleborough, and so to Sandwich. The woods in many places had been burned over, and the stage toiled through roads that were often heavy with sand. It was rather a tedious journey, and the children were glad enough on the second day to be set down at Hyannis. They found their Uncle Elisha waiting for them with his carryall; they had caught sight of it out of the windows of the coach.

"The steps are down, Nathan," Phippy cried. "I 'm going to step on every one."

The old carryall was indeed a wonderful vehicle. Its chief glory

SEEKING ST. JOHN'S WORT, MIDSUMMER EVE.

was a flight of narrow steps which let down from the door, one after the other, making a somewhat dangerous staircase to climb, for, as soon as one stepped on the lowest, he seemed in danger of tipping the whole carryall over toward him, and most people preferred to make as little use as possible of the steps. But it was a fine thing, when one was fairly inside, to have the steps folded over with a clatter and left shut up against the inside of the door. It was hard for the children to decide whether it was more fun to climb the staircase and sit inside, or to fold it up, bang the door, and take a front seat.

"I 'll fold up the steps, Uncle Elisha," said Nathan, as his mother, Phippy, and Lucy were crowded into the back seat, and he slapped them over and slammed the door with the air of a veteran stage-driver. He sat with his broad uncle on the front seat, while Ned got into a wagon with the trunks, which a small boy in a wide-brimmed straw hat was to drive. The two loads started briskly over the road.

"So Charles has gone, has he, Sarah?" asked Uncle Elisha, when they were fairly off.

"Yes, he was to sail yesterday noon."

"I suppose he would like to have gone in one of your ships, Uncle Elisha," said Nathan, who wished to make conversation with his grand-uncle. Uncle Elisha laughed.

"It would be rather slow business waiting for a sailing vessel, now, Nathan. My sailing days are over. Since they 've begun to run vessels by tea-kettles I 've been of no account."

"I guess the Swiftsure would have beaten some steamers," said Nathan, politely, and then he changed the subject. "Do you have pandowdies now, uncle, at your house?"

"Blackberry pandoddies? Well, I rather think your Aunt Polly has n't forgotten how to make them. It 's a little early yet for blackberries, but if you stay long enough you shall have some," and the old gentleman looked good-naturedly down on his little nephew. "So you 've been taking a walk, Nathan? Got 'most to New York, eh? Went to New Haven, and saw all the professors walking about with their hands inside out?"

"Hands inside out?" queried Nathan. "It was vacation, and I don't think I saw any professors. Hands inside out?"

"Yes, that 's the way professors used to walk."

Alexander.

"Oh, there 's Alexander," exclaimed Lucy, who had been looking hard out of the window, and not listening to the random talk. "He 's driving his cow home. Good evening, Alexander."

"I hope he 'll take us out in his boat," said Phippy. "I 'm going to be polite to him, too. Good evening, Alexander," she said, leaning forward; "we 've come back again. You know we were here last year;" but Uncle Elisha cracked his whip, the carryall rattled on, and Phippy bounced back against the seat before Alexander could do anything more than stand by the roadside and stare at the Bodleys. As they drew near the Point the children looked out eagerly for all the old landmarks, and when they drove up to the door they jumped out in excellent spirits. Aunt Polly was there to receive them, and a capital supper was waiting on the table. A thunder-storm came up while they were at tea, but it was nearly over when they got up from the table, and they went out on the back porch to watch the ocean and see the full moon come up through the clouds that lay near the horizon. It was a bewitching scene, and the children were allowed to linger over it.

"I should n't like to be out on the water in a thunder-storm," said Ned Adams.

"You 'd have to take all sorts of weather," said Uncle Elisha. "There 's a large assortment to be had."

"Were you ever struck by lightning, uncle?" asked Phippy.

"Well, no, not particularly, but I 've had something better than that, Phippy. I 've seen the St. Elmo fire."

"Is it anything like St. Vitus's dance?" asked Lucy, in a whisper.

"Did you ever touch it, uncle?" asked Ned.

"What is it?" asked Nathan. "Is it animal, vegetable, or mineral?"

"Oh, it 's an electric light," said Uncle Elisha, that plays round the topmast sometimes. "I 've seen it spirting out at the end of the yards and off the bowsprit. Yes, I put out my hand once to

touch it, and the current went right through my body and the fire came out at the ends of my fingers. I looked very much like a juggler, I can tell you."

"Didn't it hurt?"

"No, there wasn't any heat, nor any shock, but it seemed to draw away the flame from the spars. I suppose I was a sort of conductor."

The Fire of St. Elmo.

"I wish the sun hadn't gone down," said Lucy; "we might have had a rainbow."

"And gone to hunt for the pot of gold," said Ned. "I can remember when I really thought there was a pot of gold which a fairy had hidden at the other end."

"Well, there is," said Uncle Elisha. "You young folks don't believe it now, I suppose, but I do. Don't you, Sarah?"

"What do you mean, uncle?" she asked, looking up at him. The old gentleman smiled.

"I'll tell you what I mean. When the rainbow's in the sky we

know the storm 's over, and we can go about our work, and nobody ever found a pot of gold who did n't hunt for it just a little ahead of him. It 's always a leetle farther off, where it looks brightest, at the end of the bow of promise. I 've hunted all my life, but I have n't found it yet. Don't you ever give up looking for the pot of gold."

"Do you want us all to be rich, uncle ? "

"Yes, rich with what you get by hunting. You 'll never find the pot of gold lying tipped up at your feet. People get whatever is of real use to them by hunting for it."

"I think Lucy knows something about that," said Mrs. Bodley. "Lucy, you know how the wise fairy turned things into gold, don't you ? " So Lucy in the moonlight said these little verses, to which Uncle Elisha listened.

THE WISE FAIRY.

BY ALICE CARY.

Once, in a rough, wild country,
On the other side of the sea,
There lived a dear little fairy,
And her home was in a tree, —
A dear little, queer little fairy,
And as rich as she could be.

To northward and to southward
She could overlook the land,
And that was why she had her house
In a tree, you understand, —
For she was the friend of the friendless,
And her heart was in her hand.

And when she saw poor women
Patiently, day by day,

Spinning, spinning, and spinning
Their lonesome lives away,
She would hide in the flax of their distaffs
A lump of gold, they say.

And when she saw poor ditchers,
Knee-deep in some wet dike,
Digging, digging, and digging
To their very graves, belike,
She would hide a shining lump of gold
Where their spades would be sure to strike.

And when she saw poor children,
  Their goats from the pastures take,
Or saw them milking, and milking,
  Till their arms were ready to break,
What a plashing in their milk-pails
  Her gifts of gold would make!

Sometimes, in the night, a fisher
  Would hear her sweet, low call,

And all at once a salmon of gold
  Right out of his net would fall ;
But what I have to tell you
  Is the strangest thing of all.

If any ditcher, or fisher,
  Or child, or spinner old,
Bought shoes for his feet, or bread to eat,
  Or a coat to keep from the cold,
The gift of the good old fairy
  Was always trusty gold.

But if a ditcher, or fisher,
  Or spinner, or child so gay,

Bought jewels, or wine, or silks so fine,
Or staked his treasure at play, —
The fairy's gold, in his very hold,
Would turn to a lump of clay.

So, by and by the people
Got open their stupid eyes:
"We must learn to spend to some good end,"
They said, "if we are wise;
'T is not in the gold we waste, or hold,
That a golden blessing lies."

"That's good doctrine," said Uncle Elisha, "though the poor fishers about here don't get so very many golden salmon."

"We 'll have some scup, anyway, before breakfast," said Ned. "I should be disappointed if the first scup I caught to-morrow morning was a mere chunk of gold."

"But there used to be a good many fishing vessels leaving the Port, Uncle Elisha," said Mrs. Bodley. "I have heard father tell of them."

"Yes, indeed, it was busy enough here once: your grandfather, your great-gran'ther Scupper, Nathan, was a famous man for making up voyages. Nobody thought he 'd settled matters till Squire Scupper had made up his voyage. He used to spend his time over at the store in that big chair you 've seen; he was a powerful large man, and though he was only justice of the peace, everybody went to him for the law. If the people got into a quarrel, they carried the matter to Squire Scupper, and whatever he said was final. They tell a story of Josiah Gage, — you remember him, Sarah?"

"That little dried up man, that died a few years ago?"

"Yes, that 's the one. He was off in his smack, when the British privateers were about, in the War of 1812, and his smack was overhauled. The British captain was treating him rather roughly, when Josiah bristled up, and says he, 'See here. You let me 'lone. If you don't behave yourself, I 'll have you up before Squire Scupper!' '

"And did he?" asked Nathan.

"Well," said Uncle Elisha, with a twinkle, "they do say that Josiah frightened him a little. *He* did n't know any bigger man than Squire Scupper."

"They did n't seem to mind him much, when they caught you," said Ned.

"Oh, when you were in Dartmoor?" exclaimed Phippy, who had heard her grand-uncle tell his mishaps before.

"Yes, you know all about that," said Uncle Elisha.

"Oh, but please, uncle, tell us again," said the little girl.

"Do you want to know how I got in, or how I tried to get out?"

"Tell us how you tried to get out."

"You want to know how your poor old uncle failed, do you? Well, I am safely out now, and I have a good bed and table, so I don't so much mind having been kept in a few months longer, but I was a pretty severely disappointed man at the time. I was at Dartmoor prison, a lonely place on the side of some high hills, surrounded by black moors, and about seventeen miles from Plymouth, on the southwestern coast of England. It was a dismal place, and we were shut up with some wretched French prisoners in a damp, unwholesome prison. I believe prisons are a more agreeable sort of place nowadays, but I 'd just as lieve not stay in one long, though it 's better to be put in for serving your country faithfully than for committing some crime. However, we were in prison, and meant to get out if we could. There were two great walls inclosing the prison. The outer one, which was about sixteen feet in height, was a mile in circumference; the inner wall was about thirty feet from the outer and a guard was placed on top of it, every twenty feet. Between the two walls were also guards and many small buildings. Our plan was to dig passages from under three of the prisons to a depth of about twenty feet, and then horizontally about two hundred and fifty feet, which would bring us out into the road that passed beyond the prison inclosure. There were a good many of us, and we were all sworn to the most solemn secrecy. The three prisons from which we were trying to escape were numbered four, five, and six.

We made a hole in each just large enough for a single fellow to squeeze through, but, after a little progress had been made, we enlarged the opening below so that four men could work abreast. We worked at night, and closed the opening so carefully that no one could discover it except he was in the secret."

"How did you get rid of the dirt?" asked Ned.

"We tried various ways. There was a stream which ran under one of the prisons, at about the rate of four miles an hour; we threw a good deal of it into that, and it was carried off by the current. Then we found hollow places in which we stowed it, and we got permission to whitewash the walls, but before we whitewashed we daubed the walls with a mortar made of the dirt, and whitewashed over that. You see there were three or four thousand prisoners, and it was not possible to keep a very sharp lookout. We began our work near the end of August, and before September had got about forty feet along. Then the air began to be bad, and we contrived a lamp which we kept burning in the hole, to expel the dead air. But on the second of September we had a great fright. The captain came along with his guards, — I was in prison number six, — and told us he had found us out. He went straight toward the hole, but could n't find it. Then they began sounding with a crow-bar, and at last hit the spot. You may believe we were pretty well cast down, for we thought that was the end of it. But it turned out that they did not know of the holes in numbers four and five, and all they did was to plug up the hole in our prison. They could n't think what we had done with the earth, and when they asked us, we all said we ate it up to make up for our short fare. They laughed at the idea of our getting out, and when the affair was blown over we went to work again. We waited in number six until

the other holes had been carried farther, for ours was the longest, and then we began again, dug round the stones they had put in to fill up our hole, and went at it like beavers or musk-rats. We worked away with new hope until we were within about forty feet of the place we were to come out. Then we began to form our plans farther. We meant to take a dark, stormy night about ten o'clock, and strike for Torbay, which was about ten miles distant, where we knew there were a lot of small craft, fishing boats, and unarmed vessels, and with these to make our way to France. It was a perfectly feasible plan, and everything was going on well, when, about the middle of September, in broad daylight, a wretch who was in the secret marched up to the turnkeys, went with them to the keeper's house, and told the whole story. He got his reward; they gave him his liberty and some money, I believe, but I would rather have stayed in Dartmoor the rest of my days than have had a minute of that man's freedom. We should have got out if we had not been betrayed. You can guard yourself against everything but a traitor."

"What became of the man?"

"I never knew. If he has died he has gone to judgment," said Uncle Elisha solemnly. "If he is alive, he is waiting for the last judgment, but I guess he 's been in a worse prison than Dartmoor a good many years. There 's no prison so bad as a guilty conscience."

"How did you get out, finally?" asked Ned.

"Well, it turned out I was a neutral. I did n't know it, but I had no objection when I found it out. You see I had shipped on board a Nantucket vessel, and when we were caught we were all put down as from Nantucket. So one day the word came for all Nan-

tucket men to come out into the square. I thought I 'd go to see what the fun was, and there was Sir Isaac Coffin, who was a British admiral. He was a Boston boy, but came of the Nantucket Coffins. He was a hearty old fellow, and wanted to do a good turn to his countrymen, so he made out that Nantucket was a sort of neutral country and he got us all off."

A Small Chance.

"Now that Uncle Elisha is safe at home again, children, I think you may all go to bed. You will have a great deal to do to-morrow. You know you must catch some scup for breakfast."

"Just one thing more, mother," said Nathan. "Uncle Elisha, I wish you 'd tell me what you meant by professors walking with their hands turned inside out." Uncle Elisha laughed.

"Why, this way, Nathan," and the old gentleman got up and walked along the porch, with his hands held stiffly by his side, the palms turned outward.

"Oh," said Nathan. "Is that it?" Then they all trooped off

to bed, and Uncle Elisha, Aunt Polly, and Mrs. Bodley followed shortly. There was nothing left awake in the house but a mouse which was stealing toward the old clock in the moonlight, while a cat sat fast asleep. Perhaps the mouse had heard Uncle Elisha's story, and expected to escape the guard.

CHAPTER II.

ON THE WAY HOME.

THE fortnight at Hyannis Port was soon over. It was no new thing for the children to be there, and so they knew exactly what to do, and used all their time with the strictest economy. They went in bathing just as often as they were allowed, and never lost an opportunity to go out in the boat. They went off with their Uncle Elisha after wood, and on stormy days they played in the store, which they kept to their own satisfaction, and it was vastly better fun selling real goods over a real counter to each other than playing at the same game at home. They found an odd assortment of abandoned hats, shoes, and some coats and dresses, with which the store had been stocked years before, but were now wholly out of fashion, even for the plain people of the neighborhood, and they had fine fun dressing themselves in this faded finery and parading about in it. They marched around the neighborhood, and gave great amusement to the very people who had once seen themselves and friends in the same costumes without a smile. On Sunday, after driving over to the village to church, they went at dusk to the

little school-house at the Port to an evening meeting, and were less interested in the meeting itself than in the great variety of lamps contributed by the people who came to the meeting, and in seeing and hearing some of their familiar acquaintances whom they had never suspected of having gifts for exhortation.

When the fortnight was over Uncle Elisha proposed to drive the family home as far as Plymouth, where they could take the stage. He had some business in Plymouth, and was very glad of the chance of company there, he said. He packed the family into his wagon, though it was a close fit, and they started off early in the morning, intending to dine at Sandwich and get supper at Plymouth. Just as they were leaving the house they heard Aunt Polly calling for Bose, the dog. They looked around but could see nothing of him, but as they drove on Aunt Polly called louder and louder, and seemed to be calling after them. Suddenly she shouted "Stop!" and Uncle Elisha reined in his horse. Aunt Polly came hurrying toward them.

"Bose, come here!" she cried, and then it turned out that Bose had been trotting along beneath the wagon, just like an emigrant dog, as Nathan said, and was very reluctant to come out and give up his trip to Plymouth.

"Bose has friends at Plymouth," said Uncle Elisha. "I 'spect he knew we were going there. Fact is, he used to visit there, and perhaps he 'd be living there now if Captain Ezra Gage had n't got married."

"Why, what did that have to do with it?"

"Well, you see, Bose belonged to Captain Gage, who lived over east, and he was an old bachelor; but he married Desire Crowell, who lived in Plymouth; and before he married he used

to go there to see Desire, and took Bose along with him. Desire had a cat that she set great store by, and whenever Bose saw that cat he made for her. They kept 'em apart pretty well for a time, but at length it would n't answer, and Desire said to Ezra, 'Now, Ezra Gage, you 've got to choose between me and Bose. You can't have us both. Bose is getting old and I think I shall live the longest, so I 'd advise you to take me; but do just as you please about it.'"

"And he gave up Bose?"

"Yes, he gave him up to me; but I think he kind of hesitated about it at first. He 'd got used to Bose, but then he 's got used to Desire now. They came back from Plymouth afterward. Does n't seem as though Desire ever thought of giving up the cat."

"Well," said Mrs. Bodley, "I once heard of two people marrying to please a dog."

"Let 's hear about it," said Uncle Elisha. "Perhaps I can remember about it to tell Ezra some day, — some day when he 's out fishing and Desire 's — well, say three miles off to windward," and Uncle Elisha looked round slyly at Ned, who was sitting by him.

"It 's a French story," said Mrs. Bodley, "which Saintine, who wrote 'Picciola,' tells. He had a friend named Cabassol who was a crusty, growling bachelor, and lived by himself in the country, where he smoked his pipe, read his books, took care of his garden, or walked in the fields with his dog. His dog was his best friend, he used to say, and that turned out to mean more than he at first intended. Medor, for that was the name of the dog, had belonged to a widow who lived near the park of St. Germain.

But the park was so very near that it was a constant temptation to Medor to hunt there; and that was very much against the laws. The keepers declared that they would shoot Medor if they caught him there again; so the widow, who could not bear to have Medor in danger, looked about for some one to whom she could give the dog. Cabassol was named as one who would be sure to take good care of the dog, and so, though she had never seen him, she sent the dog to him. The two became fast friends, and Cabassol never went anywhere without Medor.

"But one day, when Medor's nose was in his plate, and he seemed to be thinking of nothing but his dinner, he suddenly raised his head, and, trembling from head to foot, began to howl and whine in the most piteous and unaccountable manner. The door-bell rang; Medor sprang forward, and when Cabassol joined him, he found him rolling in an ecstasy of joy at the feet of a stranger, and leaping up and down as if beside himself. It was his old mistress who had left St. Germain for Paris, and had come out into the country to see her old friend Medor; for now, she said, she could keep him without any danger. She cried at the welcome her dog gave her. Would not Monsieur Cabassol permit her to have Medor again? She would gladly pay whatever he chose to ask for Medor's board during the last three years, and a good round sum besides.

"Cabassol was furious. Give up the dog! No money could buy him, and he was almost uncivil to the widow.

"'But he will die of grief,' said she. 'See how fond he is of me. I am sure he could never bear to give me up.'

"'I don't believe it,' shouted Cabassol. 'Come, I 'll try it with you. We will go together to yonder hill which lies between

my house and Paris. There we will separate. You shall go down the southern path, and I will take the northern, that comes back to my house. Medor shall belong to whichever one of us he chooses to follow.'

"'Very well,' said she, 'I am agreed,' for she was confident that the dog would follow her. Medor did not quite understand the agreement; but he saw that the two people whom he loved best had shaken hands and stopped quarreling and were now talking politely together. He was full of delight, gamboling about them, and petted by both. Cabassol, though a crusty bachelor, was, after all, a pleasant companion when he chose, and now, feeling some pity for the lady who was to be disappointed, he began to talk and to make himself very agreeable; and the widow, sorry for the loss which she was to cause him, and feeling happy at recovering Medor, was in high spirits and made herself quite entertaining.

"When the time came for her to go, the three walked slowly together to the top of the hill, — the two, I mean — for Medor was frisking about them in great glee. At the top they separated, and Cabassol went at once down the northern slop, while the lady went down the southern, and Medor bounded after her. But in a moment he saw that his master was not with them; he ran back to him; then he saw his mistress was not following, but was keeping on in her path; he ran back to her; then to Cabassol, who was still keeping on in his path; then to his mistress; then to Cabassol, then to his mistress; then, — and so up and down, backward and forward, the road becoming longer and steeper each time. He could not make up his mind which to leave; he could not understand it at all; he went first to one, then to the other, ten times, and then ten

times more, while they, without turning about, or saying a word, kept straight on in their separate paths. At last, poor Medor, out of breath, the sweat pouring from him, his tongue hanging out of his mouth, fell down completely exhausted, on the very top of the hill where they had separated; and there, turning his head first to the right and then to the left, he tried to follow, with his eyes at least, the two beings to each of whom he had given half his heart.

Poor Medor!

"Cabassol, meanwhile, saw how the poor dog fared, for each time he returned to him he was panting harder. He was seized with pity for him; he resolved to give back Medor to the lady, else he saw that Medor would surely die. He turned up the hill and came to the top. At the same moment the widow came up the hill from the other side, she, too, out of pity for Medor, resolving to sacrifice her own feelings and suffer Cabassol to keep the beloved dog. They met at the top over the poor fellow, who was now wagging his tail in a feeble

manner, to express his delight. But how could they make the poor animal submit to a new separation? If he were to go with either alone, it would break his heart, Cabassol reflected. He saw only one way of getting out of the difficulty, and that was to marry the lady. Would she have him? Yes, for Medor's sake. And so they married to please the dog."

"What a pity Bose could n't have managed his affairs better," said Ned.

"But then Uncle Elisha would n't have had him," objected Phippy. It was late in the afternoon when they came into Plymouth, and they saw one vessel only in the harbor.

"There is the Mayflower," said Lucy. "How fortunate we are in getting here now! We shall be in time to see them land."

"They are in the cabin now signing their compact," said Ned, "and that 's the reason why we don't see them at this moment."

"Then they won't land for a month," said Mrs. Bodley, "and we won't wait for them. Besides, the Mayflower was in Provincetown harbor when they signed the compact."

"That compact was a sensible document," said Uncle Elisha. "It shows how reasonable those Pilgrims were when they saw that they never could prosper in a colony if each family or person looked after themselves only. They meant to agree together and to help each other, and that 's the reason why their colony lasted in spite of all the trouble they had."

The Bodleys had a day in Plymouth before they went home, and they took a little excursion to Duxbury. They had been in Plymouth more than once before and were familiar with the curiosities there, but they never had made a pilgrimage to the home of Miles Standish, and as that famous captain had often been repre-

sented in their sports, they thought it no more than right that they should look up his bones if they could find them. Uncle Elisha went with the party and carried them to the top of Captain's Hill, which was a part of the old Standish farm.

Signing the Compact.

"What a splendid place for a bonfire!" said Phippy.

"Splendid indeed," said Uncle Elisha, "and I 've no doubt it saw a good many in Standish's day and afterward. They had no telegraph in those times, and no light-houses either. I've no doubt they lighted fires here on stormy nights when they were expecting

a vessel in, and that they used the hill for a beacon. You know they used to signal from one place to another by means of fires, bale-fires they called them, for they generally were used to warn people of some danger."

"Yes," said Ned, "don't you remember Scott's

'Sweet Teviot! on thy silver tide
The glaring bale-fires blaze no more?'"

The Fiery Cross.

"I'm not sure that bale meant misfortune," said Mrs. Bodley. "I think it meant fagot or something of the kind, for I remember having read that there used to be signals by numbers, that one bale meant one thing, two something else."

"Just as it was with the lanterns hung for Paul Revere," said Lucy.

"Exactly, and do you remember, Ned, how the Scotch had another signal by fire when they sent the Fiery Cross about?"

"To be sure I do. In the 'Lady of the

THE OLD-TIME BALE FIRE.

Lake' you know Roderick Dhu killed a goat, and then the priest dipped a cross in the blood. But there was n't any fire about it, aunt, I believe. They called it the Fiery Cross because anybody who disobeyed the signal would be put to death by fire. I think that was the reason."

"But what was the cross for, anyway?" asked Nathan.

"Why, it was the method the chief of a clan used to bring his men about him. He made a light cross of wood, and then — oh, I remember, he did set the ends on fire, and then put out the fire by dipping it in the blood of a goat, and the cross was sent from village to village, and every man, who saw it must go at once to the rendezvous which was named by the messenger."

"Well, they knew how to send messages in the old colony," said Uncle Elisha, "and they could talk with the Indians in that way. You know Tisquantum brought a rattlesnake skin from Canonicus, and the colonists knew very well that meant defiance. I always liked old Governor Bradford's pluck, when he stuffed the skin full of bullets and sent it back again."

"Now, uncle," said Nathan, "just show us where Captain Miles Standish was buried, and we 'll go and salute his grave."

"Nobody knows. I suppose it was somewhere on the side of this hill. Down yonder his house stood, but it was burned after his death. His son Alexander built a house in 1666, which you see over there, the Faunce House they call it now, and we 'll go down and take a look at it, for it 's an old house, and when you see it you 'll come about as near to seeing Miles Standish's house as you can." They all started down the hill, and Uncle Elisha kept on with his story. "The colony granted the Standish farm to the captain in 1630. I should n't wonder if he named the place Duxbury after

Duxbury Hall in England, where the Standishes lived. There 's a little mystery about the Captain. No one knows exactly why he came with the Pilgrims. He does n't seem to have been made pre-

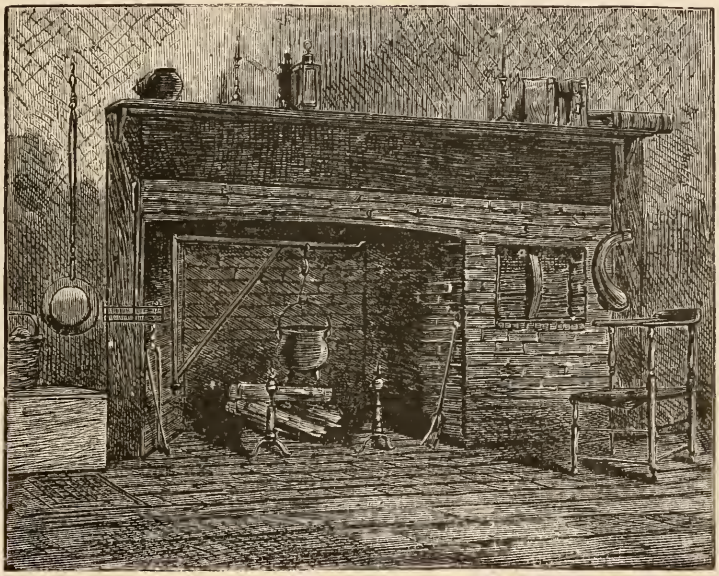
Standish House, Duxbury. Built 1666.

cisely out of the same material, but he was a good soldier, and he was worth a host to the young colony. There, this is the house, and it 's pretty certain that Alexander Standish used some of the

timbers out of the old house that was burned, for you can see marks on the beams in some places where they used a whipsaw, and as they had saw-mills in Alexander's time, it 's not likely he would have used a whipsaw, though that 's not certain."

"What is a whipsaw?"

"It 's a big saw with two handles, worked by a couple of men, but it 's slow work. That is n't the only sign though, for the beams



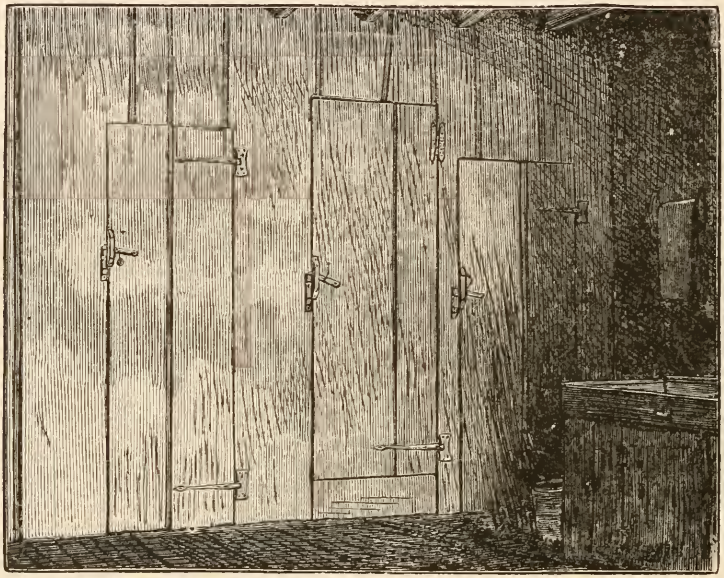
Fire-place in the Standish House.

show evidence of having been used before. They are of oak, and people have found the mortises and tenons used in the old framing. But we 'll ask to go inside."

Uncle Elisha knocked and a woman came to the door. Her good-natured face looked very familiar, and puzzled Mrs. Bodley a moment. Lucy plucked her mother's gown, but before she could whisper, the woman herself spoke out.

"It's ye, is it? An are ye lookin' for St. John's wort?" and she broke into a laugh. It was their stage-coach acquaintance of a fortnight ago. Uncle Elisha did n't quite make out the meaning of her question.

"We 've called to ask if these children could see the inside of the old Standish House," he explained.



Doors and Latches in the Standish House.

"Walk in, walk in. It 's not me that knows annything about the old house. I only came yisterday, and the misthress is away. But I know the leddy and her family. Ye 're wilcome, ma'am. It 's a quare old place." She led them into a room where they saw a great fire-place with a crane and an old brick oven. A warming-pan hung on the chimney.

"There," said Uncle Elisha, "this old hearth-stone is said to have

PEACEFUL OVERTURES FROM INDIANS.

come out from the first house, and there are some doors and latches which tradition says belonged there too." The children walked about and were pretty sure they found these, for there were some very venerable ones, older and quainter than others in the house.

"How queer it seems," said Ned, as they left, "to see an Irish woman who has n't been over here very long taking care of an old Pilgrim's house."

"Well, she would n't have come," said Uncle Elisha, "if Miles Standish had n't come over first and cleared the way for her. Those ventures two hundred and thirty years ago had, after all, a good deal to do with these ship loads of Irish emigrants now, though they may not know it."

"Miles got the Indians out of the way before Patrick started," said Nathan, sagely.

"Yes, he was needed, and perhaps they would have fared much worse without him, for the Pilgrims found it hard to understand the Indians, and they were so unlike each other that it was almost impossible they should not come to blows. But they had no savage, malicious, or envious feelings towards them, and they gladly showed their good will whenever they could. Indeed, the Pilgrims got along rather better with the Indians than the Boston people did, and more than once the Indians would bring in a deer to show their friendliness."

The morning was pretty much occupied with the visit to Duxbury, and in the afternoon, when the tide was up, they had a good plunge in the sea. The next day they bade Uncle Elisha good-by and took the stage for Boston.

"Sha'n't we go through Duxbury again?" asked Phippy.

"Not through the part where you were yesterday, but you 'll

go by the Tree of Knowledge, and that 's on the borders of Duxbury."

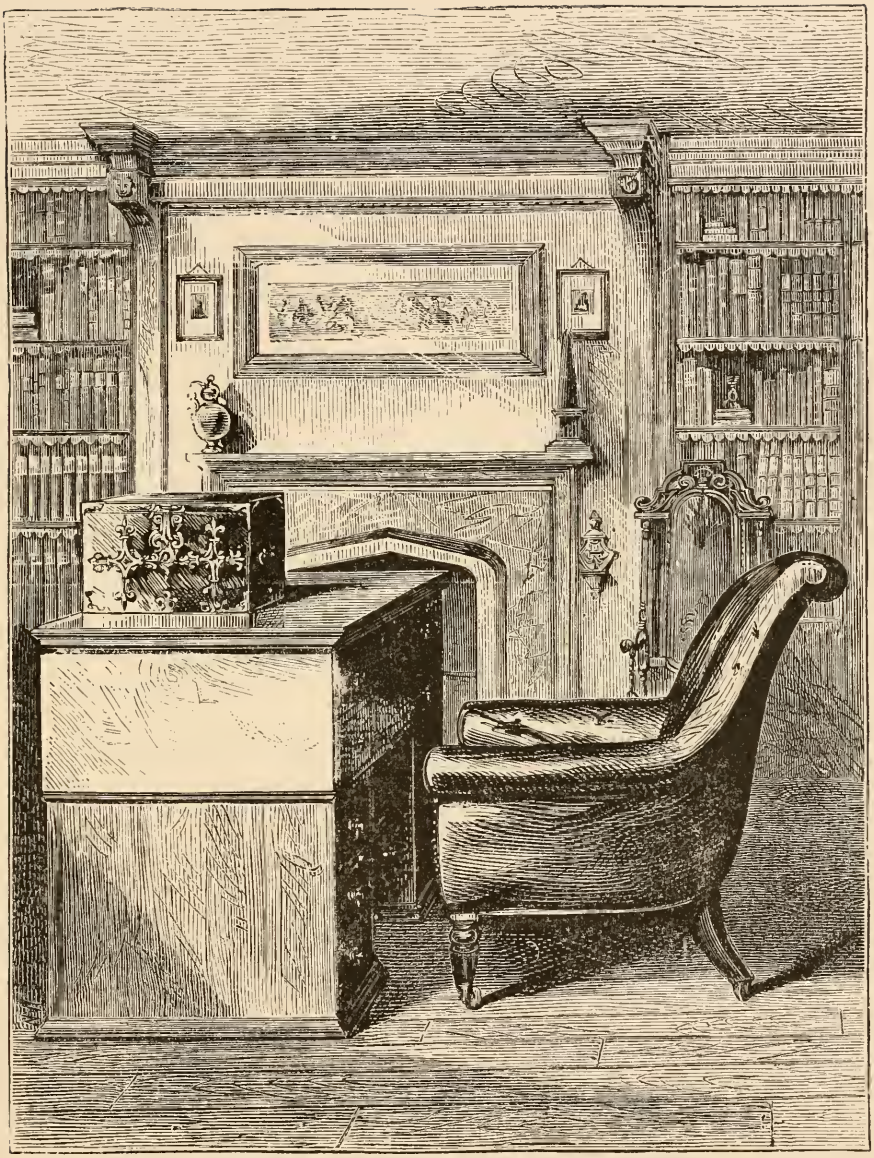
"The Tree of Knowledge! then is Duxbury in the garden of Eden?"

"Oh, it 's the modern Tree of Knowledge," laughed Uncle Elisha. "There was a pine-tree that had a box fastened to it for letters, and the mails used to get carried forward in that way. I suppose folks thought the letters were all full of wisdom, at least those they did n't write themselves. I don't write many letters myself, nor get many. Perhaps an apple 's about as good a way to get knowledge as a letter is;" and with that Uncle Elisha turned away and the stage-coach rolled off with the Bodleys towards Boston.

CHAPTER III.

NEWS FROM SCOTLAND.

It seemed rather lonely to be in Roseland again and not to see Mr. Bodley. The children began to look eagerly for letters before they could possibly come. In those days there was no Atlantic telegraph, and they could not know of the safe arrival of their father's steamer for nearly three weeks. Two of those they had spent at the Cape, and though they knew it was of no use, they began as soon as they got home to hunt the daily paper for news of the arrival out of the Arctic, which was the name of the steamer. The evening paper was left by the carrier in a little covered box at the foot of the avenue, and usu-



THE STUDY, ABBOTSFORD.

ally Nep was sent down after it. He would lift the lid of the box with his nose, poke his head in, seize the paper and trot up the avenue with it, to lay it at his master's feet; but now, every evening the children sat in a row on the stone wall, under the hawthorn hedge, watching for the boy, and as soon as they discovered him they would rush up the road, and the first one to get the paper had to race back to the house with the others

View of Abbotsford.

close behind, in eager chase, while Nep barked furiously, as if he had been defrauded of his right.

At length, on Saturday night, they were rewarded with a line in the paper telling of the arrival of the Arctic at Liverpool, and they knew that now they should get letters soon; the next week brought a short letter telling of the voyage over, and then, a week later, came a longer letter from Edinburgh. Mrs. Bodley read it aloud to the family. Part of it was of their father's visit to Abbotsford.

"I took a little excursion to Abbotsford Wednesday," he wrote, "and must tell you and the children of the house. It was by no means so fine as I had expected. I wish I could say it was really fine, but, in spite of the many curiosities about it, it seemed to me a made-up hall. I rapped on the stone to see if it might not be pasteboard. But after all it was like one of Scott's romances, full of odds and ends of Scottish antiquity, cleverly put together. What was wanting was Scott himself who always redeemed his stories from mere cleverness by his own genuine nature, and who would, I am sure, have made Abbotsford real if he himself had stood in it with his hearty welcome. He was not there, but the place was kept in a way constantly to remind one of him. I went into his study. Scott was not there, but his clothes were! In a glass case was a complete suit worn by him before his death, and in a little closet near by was his stout walking-stick and some costumes which he sometimes wore, I believe. I did not care for them, but I looked long at the table at which he used to write. There stood his easy, stuffed chair drawn up before it, as if he had just gone out to walk with Maida; upon the walls were shelves lined with the books which he used most. It was a high room and a light gallery ran around it, with a little flight of steps, so that one could get at the books above. I think there was a connection, too, with his bed-chamber from it. The study had not a great many show things in it. There was a massive silver inkstand upon the table, and a few pictures and curiosities about the walls. I liked to think of Scott working there with no need to remind himself of many things, for his head and his heart were full of what he was writing; all he needed was table and chair, pen, ink, and paper.

THE LIBRARY, ABBOTSFORD.

"The Library was a more pretentious room. It had a carved oaken roof, and the walls were lined with books, — there must have been twenty thousand there. Over the fire-place is a large painting of Scott's eldest son as an officer in the army. The room had a good many curiosities in it, presents to Scott from the Pope, from King George III., and from great authors and others. The armory, however, would interest you most, Nathan. It was a narrow, arched room, lighted by a blazoned window, and crowded with curiosities. There was Rob Roy's gun; the blunderbuss of Hofer, the Swiss patriot; the pistols of Napoleon, found in his carriage after the battle of Waterloo; some thumbpins and boots, with which the Covenanters were tormented, as you have read in "Old Mortality;" the two great keys of the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, found after the burning of the doors by the mob, for which see "The Heart of Midlothian," and many other things. I wandered back to the study. That, after all, seemed closest to Scott. There he had sat and written his wonderful novels. How I wished he had never broken his heart over this costly plaything of Abbotsford. You must get your mother to tell you about Walter Scott, for you are old enough, at least Ned and Nathan are, not only to read his stories, but to care about the man himself.

"I went to Melrose afterward, and had a lovely time in the ruins of the old abbey. It was at the end of the afternoon, when no visitors were likely to interrupt me. The young woman who conducts people about had left me to myself, and I lay on my back on the turf, looking up to the sky, and letting my eyes ramble over the old stones. It was pleasant, after sight-seeing, to lie there and let my thoughts wander about as aimlessly as the fickle swallows that darted overhead. The ruins were all around me, but the sky was

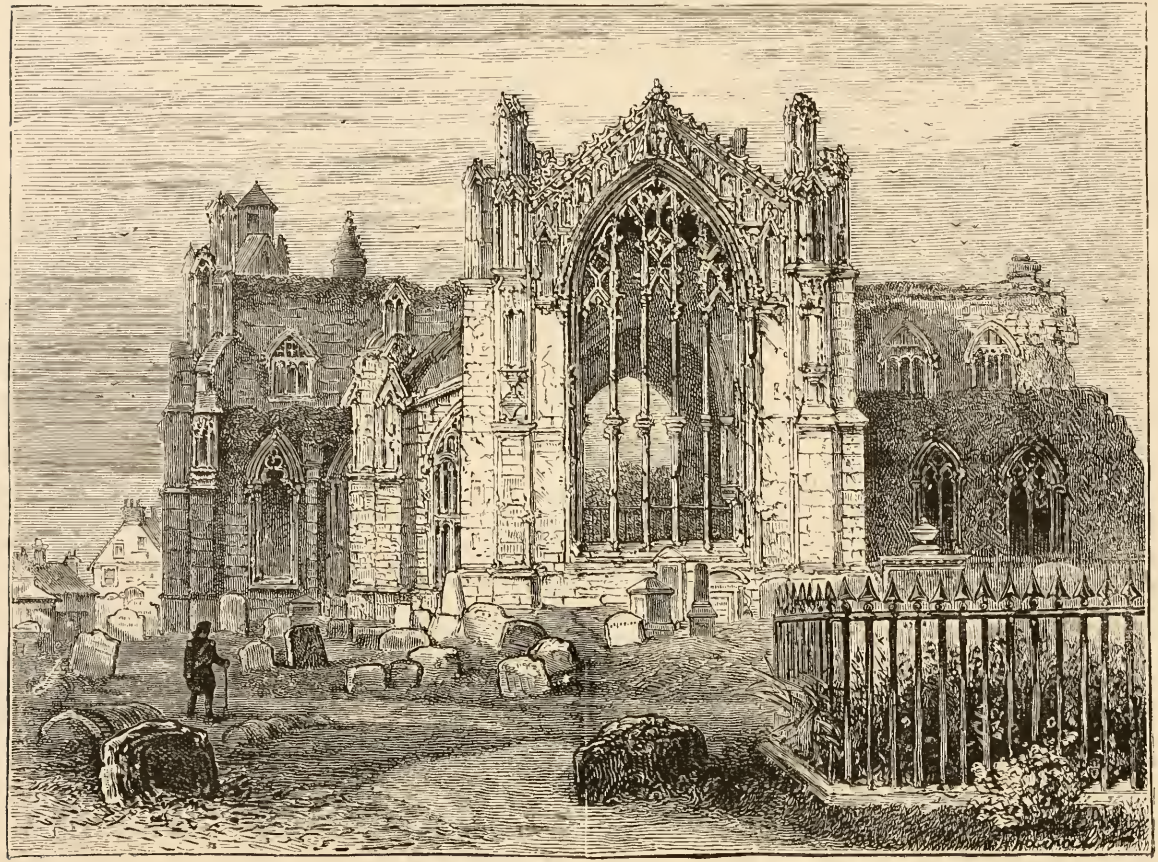
best, and the quiet of evening, more quiet because it was gathering about me in that deserted sanctuary, seemed to wrap me as with a mantle of rest. I thought of the old monks so long dead, and how their wonderful home was shared now by the swallows and myself. I am thankful that so many, many beautiful old things are standing in this country for me to enjoy. I will leave you, Sarah, to tell the children what Melrose Abbey once was."

A Monk at Work.

Mrs. Bodley had hurried over this last part of the letter, and the last sentence slipped off her tongue before she was aware.

"Certainly, Aunt Sarah," said Ned. "We know what the Abbey is now, or a part of it, at any rate, for Uncle Charles lay on his back in the grass and looked up to the sky. I don't suppose the monks used to do that."

"I don't know just what the monks had to do at Melrose, Ned, but a good part of their time was taken up with religious devotions. Then they had their copying to do, copying portions of Scripture or missals, and doing their work very delicately, as if they loved it. That was before the days of printing, you know, when books had to be copied slowly by the pen."



MELROSE ABBEY.

"I 've copied a part of the Epistle to the Hebrews," said Nathan.

"If you had done as the monks did, you would have made the first word, and especially the first letter, in the epistle brilliant with color, and have painted a little picture about it. I am very glad we have no monks about us in this country, but I should be glad to think that we had more that did their work as carefully and with as much love for it."

"How big the world is!" said Lucy, with a sigh.

"Do you want to see papa again?"

"Yes, but I was not thinking of that, then. I was thinking of Melrose Abbey and the monks, and" — but the little girl was puzzled to say just what she meant.

"And how there was room for all that and Roseland, too," explained Ned, who saw what she was struggling with.

"Yes, that was it. I think I like Roseland best."

"We all do," said Mrs. Bodley. "But you know you like to go to Hyannis, and you liked our journey to Newburyport and to Hartford, because you liked to find the world was bigger than you knew; but home 's the best, for home 's a nest."

When tea was over, the children gathered about Mrs. Bodley to hear what she would tell them of Walter Scott. They had heard some of his stories. They had read "Ivanhoe," and they knew "Kenilworth," at least the older ones did. Mrs. Bodley hesitated what to tell them. Then she reflected that Scott had himself told much of his life, and she resolved to read to them in Scott's own words what he had told of his youth, his old friends, his faithful servants. They were sitting on the doorstep in the long twilight, looking across the pleasant fields, and she took the book and read here and there to them, choosing the parts which she thought they would like best to hear, and sometimes putting in a word of explanation.

"'I was born, as I believe, on the 15th August, 1771, in a house belonging to my father, at the head of the College wynd.' That was in Edinburgh. The wynds were narrow lanes, that turned, it may be, like winding country lanes; but they were bordered by high, very high, houses instead of by green banks and trees. 'It was pulled down, with others, to make room for the northern front of the new college. I was an uncommonly healthy child, but had nearly died in consequence of my first nurse being ill of a consumption, a circumstance which she chose to conceal, though to do so was murder to both herself and me. She went privately to consult Dr. Black, the celebrated professor of chemistry, who put my father on his guard. The woman was dismissed, and I was consigned to a healthy peasant, who is still alive' — this was written in 1808, and the nurse died two years afterward — 'to boast of her laddie being what she calls a grand gentleman. I showed every sign of health and strength until I was about eighteen months old. One night, I have been often told, I showed great reluctance to be caught and put to bed; and after being chased about the room, was apprehended and consigned to my dormitory with some difficulty. It was the last time I was to show such personal agility. In the morning I was discovered to be affected with the fever which often accompanies the cutting of large teeth. It held me three days. On the fourth, when they went to bathe me as usual, they discovered that I had lost the power of my right leg. My grandfather, an excellent anatomist as well as physician, the late worthy Alexander Wood, and many others of the most respectable of the faculty were consulted. There appeared to be no dislocation or strain; blisters and other topical remedies were applied in vain.

When the efforts of regular physicians had been exhausted, without the slightest success, my anxious parents, during the course of many years, eagerly grasped at every prospect of cure which was held out by the promise of empirics, or of ancient ladies or gentlemen who conceived themselves entitled to recommend various remedies, some of which were of a nature sufficiently singular. But the advice of my grandfather, Dr. Rutherford, that I should be sent to reside in the country, to give the chance of natural exertion excited by free air and liberty, was first resorted to; and before I have the recollection of the slightest event I was, agreeably to this friendly counsel, an inmate in the farm-house of Sandy-Knowe. . . . .

"'It is here at Sandy-Knowe, in the residence of my paternal grandfather,' — that is, of his father's father, as Dr. Rutherford was his mother's father, — 'that I have the first consciousness of existence; and I recollect distinctly that my situation and appearance were a little whimsical. Among the odd remedies recurred to, to aid my lameness, some one had recommended that so often as a sheep was killed for the use of the family, I should be stripped, and swathed up in the skin, warm as it was flayed from the carcass of the animal. In this Tartar-like habiliment I well remember lying upon the floor of the little parlor in the farm-house, while my grandfather, a venerable old man with white hair, used every excitement to make me try to crawl. . . . . My grandmother continued for some years to take charge of the farm,' after his grandfather's death, 'assisted by my father's second brother, Mr. Thomas Scott, who resided at Crailing, as factor or land-steward for Mr. Scott of Danesfield, then proprietor of that estate. . . . . My grandmother, in whose youth the old Border

depredations,' the forays across the border of England and Scotland, 'were matters of recent tradition, used to tell me many a tale of Watt of Harden,' an ancestor of his, 'Wight Willie of Aikwood, Jamie Telfer of the fair Dodhead, and other heroes — merry men all of the persuasion and calling of Robin Hood and Little John. . . . . Two or three old books which lay in the window-seat were explored for my amusement in the tedious winter days. Automathes, and Ramsay's "Tea-table Miscellany," were my favorites, although at a later period an odd volume of Josephus's "Wars of the Jews" divided my partiality.

"'My kind and affectionate aunt, Miss Janet Scott, whose memory will ever be dear to me, used to read these works to me with admirable patience, until I could repeat long passages by heart. The ballad of Hardyknute I was early master of, to the great annoyance of almost our only visitor, the worthy clergyman of the parish, Dr. Duncan, who had not patience to have a sober chat interrupted by my shouting forth this ditty. Methinks I now see his tall, thin, emaciated figure, his legs cased in clasped gambadoes'" —

"Gambadoes, — gambadoes," said Ned.

"Leggings for riding, Ned, I think, — 'in clasped gambadoes, and his face of a length that would have rivaled the knight of La Mancha's, and hear him exclaiming, "One may as well speak in the mouth of a cannon as where that child is." . . . . I was in my fourth year when my father was advised that the Bath waters might be of some advantage to my lameness. My affectionate aunt, although such a journey promised to a person of her retired habits anything but pleasure or amusement, undertook as readily to accompany me to the wells of Bladud, as if she

had expected all the delight that ever the prospect of a watering-place held out to its most impatient visitants. My health was by this time a good deal confirmed by the country air, and the influence of that imperceptible and unfatiguing exercise to which the good sense of my grandfather had subjected me; for when the day was fine I was usually carried out and laid down beside the old shepherd, among the crags or rocks round which he fed his sheep. The impatience of a child soon inclined me to struggle with my infirmity, and I began by degrees to stand, to walk, and to run. Although the limb affected was much shrunk and contracted, my general health, which was of more importance, was much strengthened by being frequently in the open air; and, in a word, I, who in a city had probably been condemned to hopeless and helpless decrepitude, was now a healthy, high-spirited, and, my lameness apart, a sturdy child. . . . .

"'At Bath, where I lived about a year, I went through all the usual discipline of the pump-room and baths, but, I believe, without the least advantage to my lameness. During my residence at Bath I acquired the rudiments of reading at a day school, kept by an old dame near our lodgings, and I had never a more regular teacher, although I think I did not attend her a quarter of a year. An occasional lesson from my aunt supplied the rest. . . . . After being a year at Bath, I returned first to Edinburgh, and afterwards for a season to Sandy-Knowe; — and thus the time whiled away till about my eighth year, when it was thought sea-bathing might be of service to my lameness. For this purpose, still under my aunt's protection, I remained some weeks at Prestonpans, a circumstance not worth mentioning, excepting to record my juvenile intimacy with an old military veteran, Dalgetty by name'" —

"Dugald Dalgetty!" said Ned. "He 's in the 'Legend of Montrose.'"

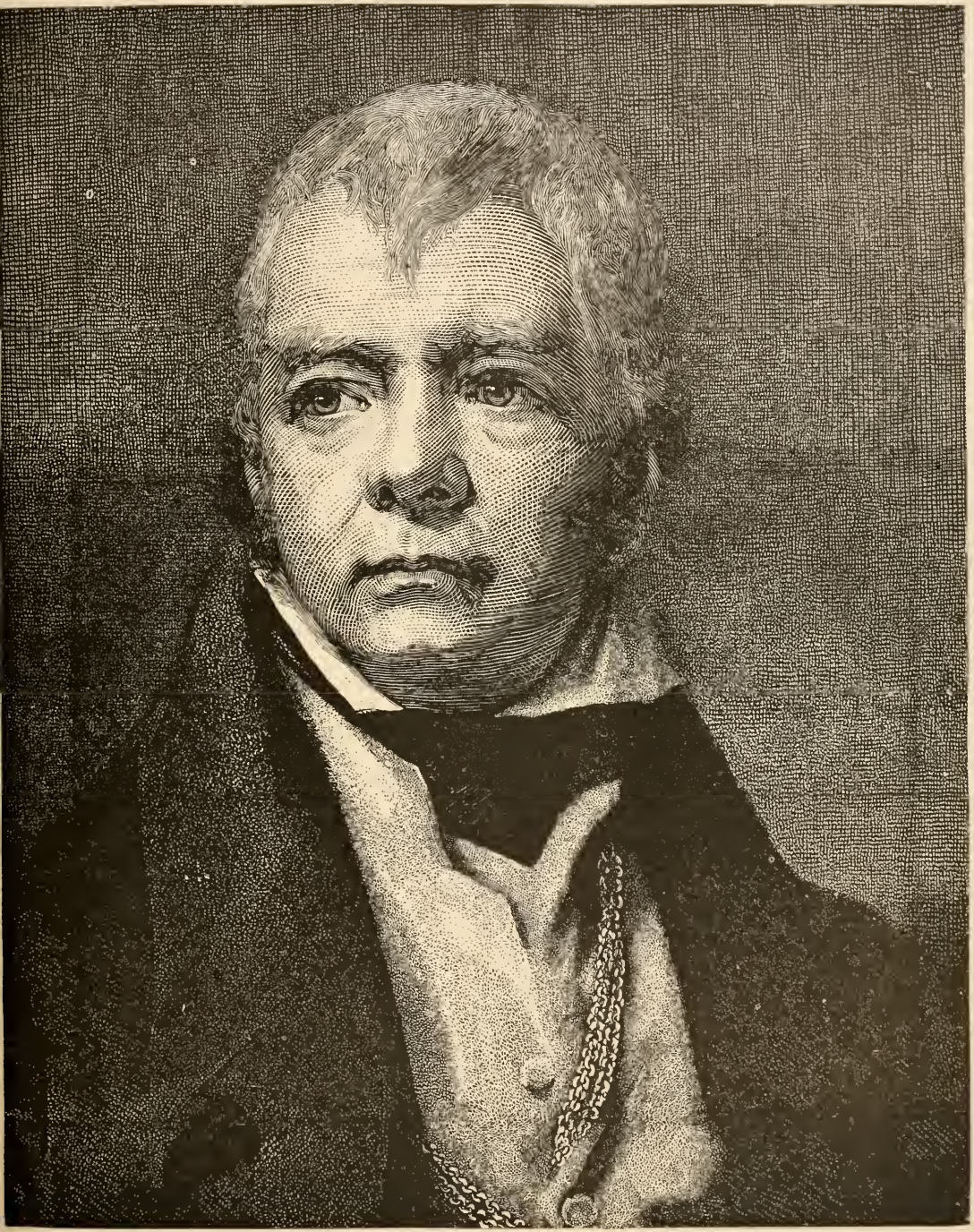
"The name is, certainly. Scott used it when he needed it, but I do not believe he would have done anything to hurt his old friend's feelings, for Dalgetty, let me see, 'had pitched his tent in that little village, after all his campaigns, subsisting upon an ensign's half-pay, though called by courtesy a captain. As this old gentleman, who had been in all the German wars, found very few to listen to his tales of military feats, he formed a sort of alliance with me, and I used invariably to attend him for the pleasure of hearing those communications. Sometimes our conversation turned on the American war, which was then raging.'"

"What, our war?" asked Phippy, "our war of the Revolution?"

"Yes. 'It was about the time,' Scott says, 'of Burgoyne's unfortunate expedition, to which my captain and I augured different conclusions. Somebody had showed me a map of North America, and, struck with the rugged appearance of the country, and the quantity of lakes, I expressed some doubts on the subject of the general's arriving safely at the end of his journey, which were very indignantly refuted by the captain.'"

"But Burgoyne's expedition did fail."

"Yes, and so Scott was right and Dalgetty was wrong. He went home after this, and was sent to school, where he did not at first study much, but became a great favorite with his companions. 'Among my companions my good-nature and flow of ready imagination rendered me very popular. Boys are uncommonly just in their feelings, and at least equally generous. My lameness, and the efforts which I made to supply that disadvantage, by making up in address what I wanted in activity, engaged the latter principle in



WALTER SCOTT. By Raeburn

my favor; and in the winter play hours, when hard exercise was impossible, my tales used to assemble an admiring audience round Lucky Brown's fireside, and happy was he that could sit next to the inexhaustible narrator. I was also, though often negligent of my own task, always ready to assist my friends, and hence I had a little party of staunch partisans and adherents, stout of hand and heart, though somewhat dull of head — the very tools for raising a hero to eminence. So, on the whole, I made a brighter figure in the yards than in the class.'"

"Did he ever get over his lameness?" asked Lucy.

"No, but it was only as he got well on in life that he felt it seriously, at any rate as a pain. He walked a great deal when he was a boy, in spite of his lameness. 'My frame,' he says, 'gradually became hardened with my constitution, and being both tall and muscular, I was rather disfigured than disabled by my lameness. This personal disadvantage did not prevent me from taking much exercise on horseback, and making long journeys on foot, in the course of which I often walked from twenty to thirty miles a day. A distinct instance occurs to me. I remember walking with poor James Ramsay, my fellow apprentice, now no more, and two other friends, to breakfast at Prestonpans. We spent the forenoon in visiting the ruins at Seton, and the field of battle at Preston — dined at Prestonpans on tiled haddock very sumptuously — drank half a bottle of port each, and returned in the evening. This could not be less than thirty miles, nor do I remember being at all fatigued upon the occasion. . . . . My principal object in these excursions was the pleasure of seeing romantic scenery, or, what afforded me at least equal pleasure, the places which had been distinguished by remarkable historical events.'"

"Just our sentiments," said Ned, nudging Nathan with his elbow.

"See that you learn to tell about them as well," said Mrs. Bodley, and then she went on: "'The delight with which I regarded the former, of course had general approbation; but I often found it difficult to procure sympathy with the interest I felt in the latter. Yet to me the wandering over the field of Bannockburn was the source of more exquisite pleasure than gazing upon the celebrated landscape from the battlements of Stirling Castle. I do not by any means infer that I was dead to the feeling of picturesque scenery; on the contrary few delighted more in its general effect. But I was unable with the eye of a painter to dissect the various parts of the scene, to comprehend how the one bore upon the other, to estimate the effect which various features of the view had in producing its leading and general effect. . . . . After long study and many efforts I was unable to apply the elements of perspective or of shade to the scene before me, and was obliged to relinquish in despair an art which I was most anxious to practice. But show me an old castle or a field of battle, and I was at home at once, filled it with its combatants in their proper costume, and overwhelmed my hearers by the enthusiasm of my description. In crossing Magus Moor, near St. Andrews, the spirit moved me to give a picture of the assassination of the Archbishop of St. Andrews to some fellow travelers with whom I was accidentally associated, and one of them, though well acquainted with the story, protested my narrative had frightened away his night's sleep. I mention this to show the distinction between a sense of the picturesque in action and in scenery. . . . . Meanwhile I endeavored to make amends for my ignorance of drawing by adopt-

ing a sort of technical memory respecting the scenes I visited. Wherever I went I cut a piece of a branch from a tree — these constituted what I called my log-book; and I intended to have a set of chessmen out of them, each having reference to the place where it was cut — as the kings from Falkland and Holyrood; the queens from Queen Mary's yew-tree at Crookston; the bishops from abbeys or episcopal palaces; the knights from baronial residences; the rooks from royal fortresses, and the pawns generally from places worthy of historical note. But this whimsical design I never carried into execution.'"

"What a capital idea!" said Ned. "Why have not we thought of something of the kind?"

"I 've got a seal made out of John Winthrop's pear-tree," said Nathan.

"I 've thought of something," said Phippy, suddenly. "But I sha'n't tell. At least I sha'n't tell now," and she shut her lips tightly and sealed them with her hand to make sure. "Go on, mother," she gurgled through her fingers.

"Phippy will keep her secret till it breaks," said Mrs. Bodley, laughing, and taking up her book again. "You see how Walter Scott, without knowing it, was learning all this time to tell stories, for he loved what he saw, and he lived amongst people who told him of what had happened right about him. There is a pretty story which Lockhart, his biographer tells, which will show how industrious he was in after years when he was writing his first famous novel, 'Waverley.' Let me see," and she turned the pages, "here it is. 'Happening to pass through Edinburgh in June, 1814, I dined one day with William Menzies, whose residence was then in George Street, situated very near to, and

at right angles with, North Castle Street. It was a party of very young persons, most of them, like Menzies and myself, destined for the Bar of Scotland, all gay and thoughtless, enjoying the first flush of manhood, with little remembrance of the yesterday or care of the morrow. When my companion's worthy father and uncle, after seeing two or three bottles go round, left the juveniles to themselves, the weather being hot, we adjourned to a library which had one large window looking northward. After carousing here for an hour or more, I observed that a shade had come over the aspect of my friend, who happened to be placed immediately opposite to myself, and said something that intimated a fear of his being unwell. "No," said he, "I shall be well enough presently, if you will only let me sit where you are, and take my chair; for there is a confounded hand in sight of me here, which has often bothered me before, and now it won't let me fill my glass with a good will." I rose to change places with him accordingly, and he pointed out to me this hand which, like the writing on Belshazzar's wall, disturbed his hour of hilarity. "Since we sat down," he said, "I have been watching it; it fascinates my eye; it never stops; page after page is finished and thrown on that heap of manuscript, and still it goes on unwearied; and so it will be till candles are brought in, and God knows how long after that. It is the same every night. I can't stand a sight of it when I am not at my books." — "Some stupid, engrossing clerk, probably," exclaimed myself, or some other giddy youth in our society. "No, boys," said our host, "I well know what hand it is — 't is Walter Scott's." This was the hand that, in the evenings of three summer weeks, wrote the last two volumes of "Waverley."'

"And here is a picture of Scott at Abbotsford which Washington Irving has given us: —

"'The noise of my chaise had disturbed the quiet of the establishment. Out sallied the warder of the castle, a black greyhound, and leaping on one of the blocks of stone began a furious barking. This alarm brought out the whole garrison of dogs, all open-mouthed and vociferous. In a little while the lord of the castle himself made his appearance. I knew him at once, by the likenesses that had been published of him. He came limping up the gravel walk, aiding himself by a stout walking-staff, but moving rapidly and with vigor. By his side jogged along a large iron-gray staghound of most grave demeanor, who took no part in the clamor of the canine rabble, but seemed to consider himself bound, for the dignity of the house, to give me a courteous reception. Before Scott reached the gate, he called out in a hearty tone, welcoming me to Abbotsford, and asking news of Campbell. Arrived at the door of the chaise, he grasped me warmly by the hand: "Come, drive down, drive down to the house," said he; "ye 're just in time for breakfast, and afterwards ye shall see all the wonders of the Abbey."

"'I would have excused myself on the plea of having already made my breakfast. "Hut, man," cried he, "a ride in the morning in the keen air of the Scotch hills is warrant enough for a second breakfast." I was accordingly whirled to the portal of the cottage,' for this was before the great hall at Abbotsford had been built, 'and in a few minutes found myself seated at the breakfast-table. There was no one present but the family, which consisted of Mrs. Scott; her eldest daughter, Sophia, then a fine girl about seventeen; Miss Ann Scott, two or three years younger;

Walter, a well-grown stripling; and Charles, a lively boy, eleven or twelve years of age. I soon felt myself quite at home, and my heart in a glow with the cordial welcome I experienced. I had thought to make a mere morning visit, but found I was not to be let off so lightly. "You must not think our neighborhood is to be read in a morning like a newspaper," said Scott; "it takes several days of study for an observant traveler, that has a relish for auld world trumpery. After breakfast you shall make your visit to Melrose Abbey; I shall not be able to accompany you, as I have some household affairs to attend to; but I will put you in charge of my son Charles, who is very learned in all things touching the old ruin and the neighborhood it stands in; and he and my friend Johnnie Bower will tell you the whole truth about it, with a great deal more that you are not called upon to believe, unless you be a true and nothing-doubting antiquary. When you come back I 'll take you out on a ramble about the neighborhood. To-morrow we will take a look at the Yarrow, and the next day we will drive over to Dryburgh Abbey, which is a fine old ruin, well worth your seeing." In a word, before Scott had got through with his plan, I found myself committed for a visit of several days, and it seemed as if a little realm of romance was suddenly open before me.' I won't read you all that Irving says of his visit, but here is his account of a ramble which he took with Scott and his dogs.

"'As we sallied forth, every dog in the establishment turned out to attend us. There was the old staghound, Maida, that I have already mentioned, a noble animal, and Hamlet, the black greyhound, a wild, thoughtless youngster, not yet arrived at the years of discretion; and Finette, a beautiful setter, with soft silken

hair, long pendant ears, and a mild eye, the parlor favorite. When in front of the house we were joined by a superannuated greyhound, who came from the kitchen wagging his tail, and was cheered by Scott as an old friend and comrade. In our walks, he would frequently pause in conversation, to notice his dogs, and speak to them as if rational companions; and, indeed, there appears to be a vast deal of rationality in these faithful attendants on man, derived from their close intimacy with him. Maida deported himself with a gravity becoming his age and size, and seemed to consider himself called upon to preserve a great degree of dignity and decorum in our society. As he jogged along a little distance ahead of us the young dogs would gambol about him, leap on his neck, worry at his ears, and endeavor to tease him into a gambol. The old dog would keep on for a long time with imperturbable solemnity, now and then seeming to rebuke the wantonness of his young companions. At length he would make a sudden turn, seize one of them, and tumble him in the dust, then giving a glance at us, as much as to say, "You see, gentlemen, I can't help giving way to this nonsense;" would resume his gravity and jog on as before. Scott amused himself with these peculiarities. "I make no doubt," said he, "when Maida is alone with these young dogs, he throws gravity aside, and plays the boy as much as any of them; but he is ashamed to do so in our company, and seems to say: Ha' done with your nonsense, youngsters: what will the laird and the other gentleman think of me if I give way to such foolery?"'

"Now I will read you just one more account by a traveler of how Scott lived at Abbotsford. The habits of life at Abbotsford, when I first saw it, ran in the same easy, rational, and pleas-

ant course, which I believe they always afterwards took, though the family was at this time rather straitened in its arrangements, as some of the principal rooms were not finished. After breakfast Sir Walter took his short interval of study in the light and elegant little room afterwards called Miss Scott's. That which he occupied when Abbotsford was complete, though more convenient in some material respects, seemed to me the least cheerful and least private in the house. It had, however, a recommendation which perhaps he was very sensible of, that as he sat at his writing-table he could look out at his young trees. About one o'clock he walked or rode, generally with some of his visitors. At this period, he used to be a good deal on horseback, and a pleasant sight it was to see the gallant old gentleman, in his seal-skin cap and short green jacket, lounging along a field-side on his mare, Sibyl Grey, and pausing now and then to talk, with a serio-comic look, to a laboring man or woman, and rejoice them with some quaint saying in broad Scotch. The dinner hour was early; the sitting after dinner was hospitably but not immoderately prolonged; and the whole family party (for such it always seemed, even if there were several visitors) then met again for a short evening, which was passed in conversation and music. I once heard Sir Walter say, that he believed there was a 'pair of cards' (such was his antiquated expression) somewhere in the house, but probably there is no tradition of their ever having been used. The drawing-room and library (unfurnished at the time of my first visit) opened into each other, and formed a beautiful evening apartment. By every one who has visited at Abbotsford they must be associated with some of the most delightful recollections of his life. Sir Walter listened to the music of his daughters, which

CHANTREY'S BUST OF SCOTT IN THE LIBRARY AT ABBOTSFORD.

was all congenial to his own taste, with a never-failing enthusiasm. He followed the fine old songs which Mrs. Lockhart sang to her harp with his mind, eyes, and lips, almost as if joining in an act of religion. To other musical performances he was a dutiful, and often a pleased listener, but I believe he cared little for mere music; the notes failed to charm him if they were not connected with good words, or immediately associated with some history or strong sentiment upon which his imagination could fasten.'"

"I wonder if he liked the Blue Bell of Scotland," said Lucy.

"I 've not the least doubt he did," said her mother. "I 'm sure he must have heard his daughters sing it many a time. But the time was coming when all those pleasant evenings were to end. Scott had been buying land and building while he was writing books; it seemed as if money flowed in upon him; but it flowed out faster, and what was worse he had long been lending money to men who were as careless as he about using and keeping it, and so one day he discovered that he was a poor man owing also great sums of money. I am not going to read you now how Scott took up his pen again and began to work once more deliberately to pay off his debts. It is a sad story, but one or two things I want you to notice. It was a grievous error in him to be careless about his money; he ought not to have got into debt, but when he fairly discovered his situation, he never shrank from toiling month after month to pay in full all that he owed. And this, too, that much as he loved Abbotsford, what he really cared for most was the suffering his misfortunes brought upon the poor people who were dependent on him. Here is a little passage in his diary: 'I feel neither dishonored nor broken down by the

bad — now really bad news I have received. I have walked my last on the domains I have planted — sate the last time in the halls I have built. But death would have taken them from me if misfortune had spared them. My poor people whom I loved so well!' and again, 'Poor Will Laidlaw, poor Tom Purdie,' those were his faithful steward and servant, 'such news will wring your hearts; and many a poor fellow besides, to whom my prosperity was daily bread.' Now hear how these poor people loved and served him.

"Lockhart visited Abbotsford in 1827. Here is his account of how things looked there then: —

"'The butler, instead of being the easy chief of a large establishment, was now doing half the work of the house, at probably half his former wages. Old Peter, who had been for five-and-twenty years a dignified coachman, was now plowman in ordinary, only putting his horses to the carriage upon high and rare occasions; and so on with all the rest that remained of the ancient train. And all, to my view, seemed happier than they had ever done before. Their good conduct had given every one of them a new elevation in his own mind; and yet their demeanor had gained, in place of losing, in simple humility of observance. The great loss was that of William Laidlaw, for whom (the estate being all but a fragment in the hands of the trustees and their agent) there was now no occupation here. The cottage which his taste had converted into a lovable retreat had found a rent-paying tenant; and he was living a dozen miles off, on the farm of a relation in the Vale of Yarrow. Every week, however, he came down to have a ramble with Sir Walter over their old haunts, to hear how the pecuniary atmosphere was darkening or

GURTH AND WAMBA. From Scott's Ivanhoe.

brightening, and to read, in every face at Abbotsford, that it could never be itself again until circumstances should permit his re-establishment at Kæside. All this warm and respectful solicitude must have had a preciously soothing influence on the mind of Scott, who may be said to have lived upon love. No man cared less about popular admiration and applause; but for the least chill on the affection of any near and dear to him he had the sensitiveness of a maiden. I cannot forget, in particular, how his eyes sparkled when he first pointed out to me Peter Mathieson guiding the plow on the haugh. "Egad," said he, "auld Pepe" (this was the children's name for their good friend), "auld Pepe's whistling at his darg (work). The honest fellow said a yoking in a deep field would do baith him and the blackies good. If things get round with me, easy shall be Pepe's cushion." '"

"Did he ever get rich again?" asked Phippy.

"No. He worked till his hand trembled and lost its cunning. He did wonders, and his creditors, moved by his nobleness, gave him back his house and library. Then he was ill. He fancied all his debts were paid; and his good friends, tenderly concealing the truth from him, ministered to his comfort and took him on a journey to Italy. He went about in churches and in picture galleries, a broken-down old man, but at length was brought home to Abbotsford to die. He called Lockhart to him as he was dying: 'My dear,' he said, 'be a good man; be virtuous; be religious; be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here.'"

"Did you see him when you were in Scotland?" asked Phippy.

"No, Phippy, he died in 1832, and it was a good many years after that that I was in Scotland. I traveled there with your

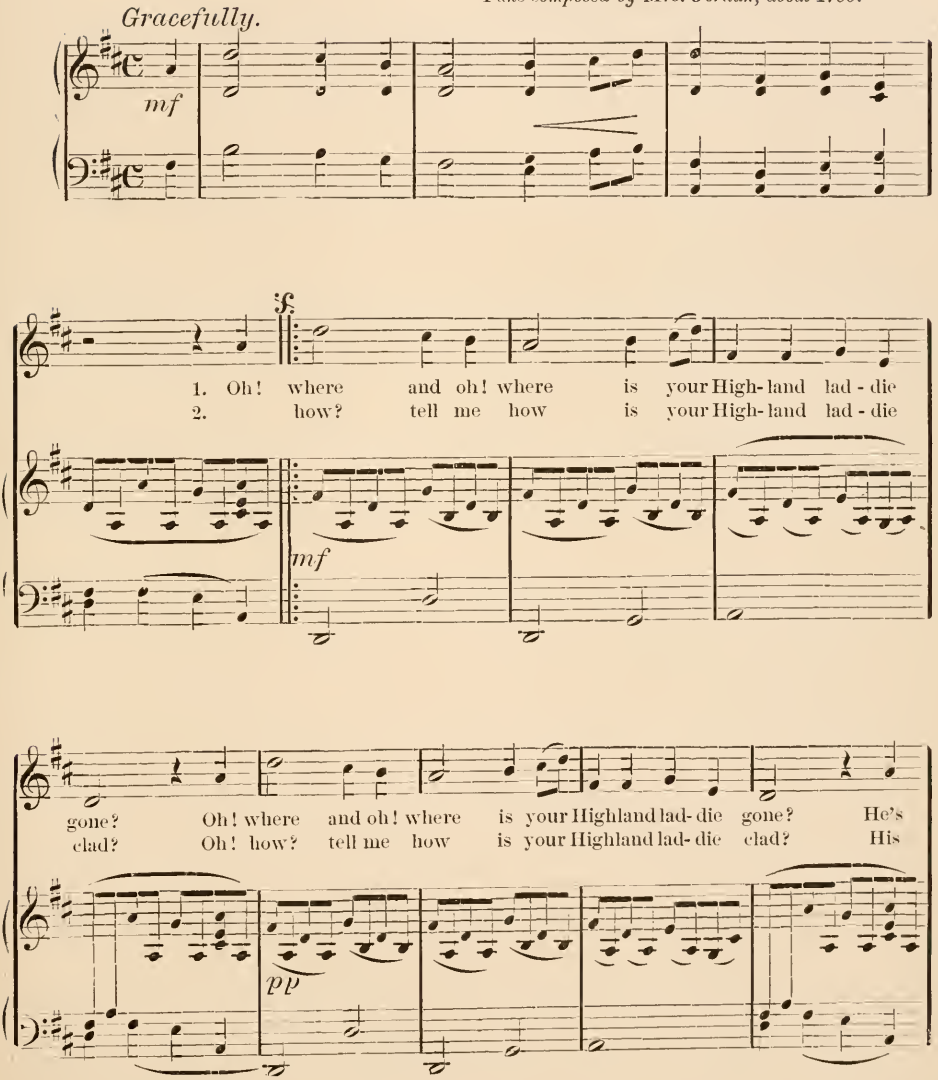
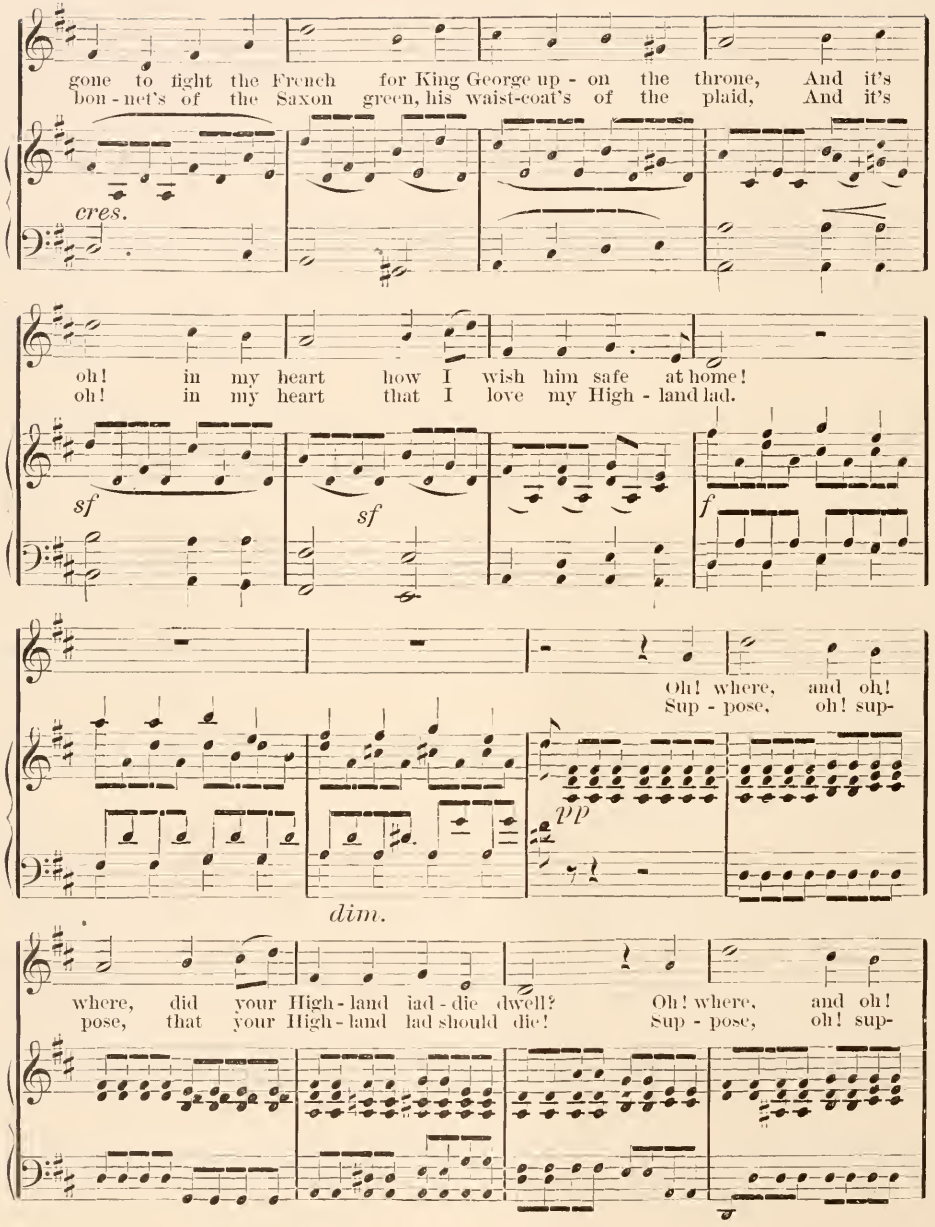
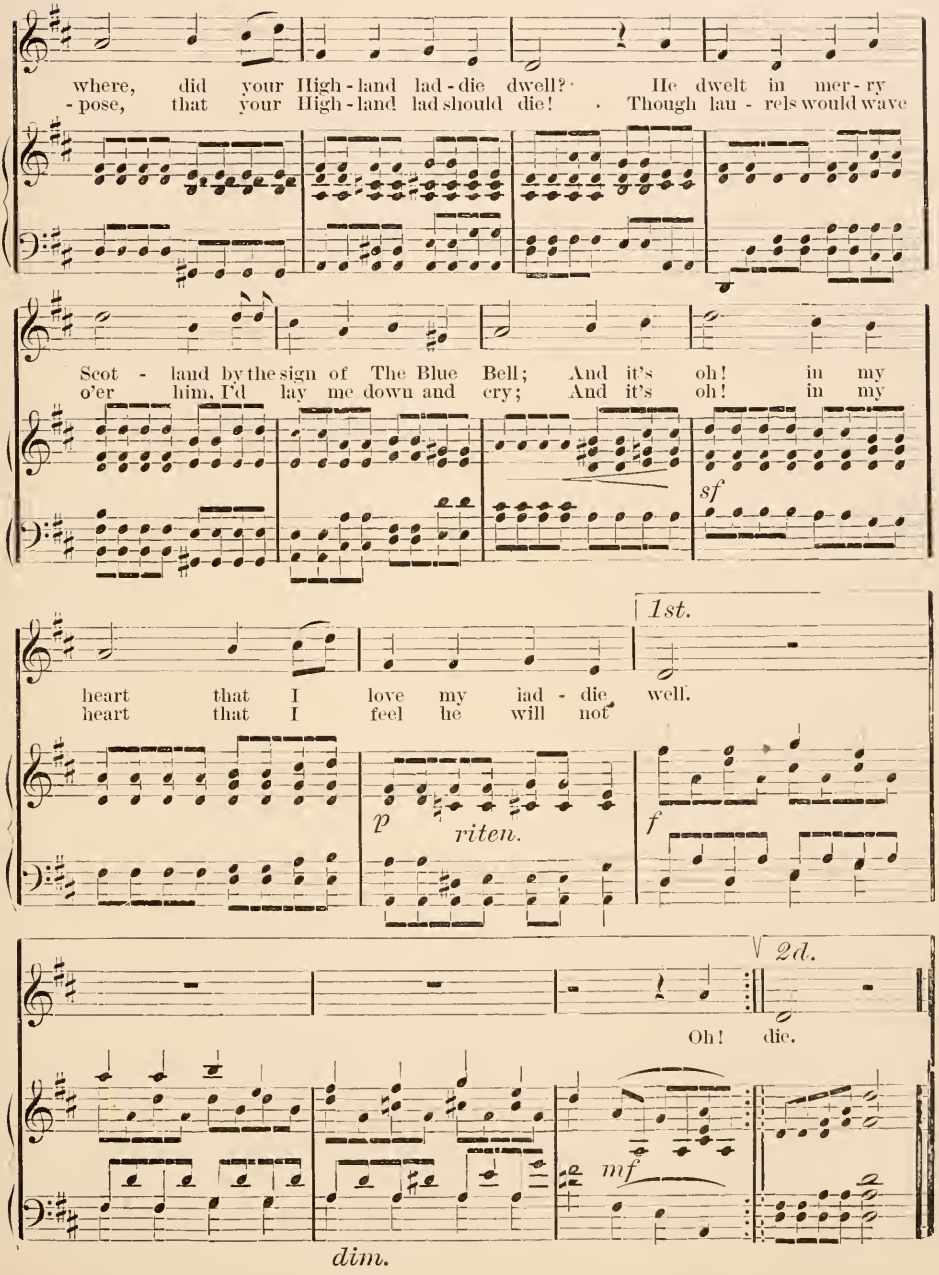
father just after we were married, and it is very pleasant for me now to follow him in my mind, though he will not go as far north as we went. I had an old friend who was living in the Highlands and we went to visit her. It was the late fall when we were there, and we spent a good deal of our time on the water, sailing about among the islands, in and around Skye. We used to see the Highlanders at work, getting ready for the winter, gathering the bracken or fern upon the hillside which they had cut and dried, making it ready for winter use. Straw was scarce and costly, so they cut the bracken on the barren hillsides, and loaded their broad boats with it and carried it home for litter for their cattle. The women helped them, and it was a picturesque sight to see, as we sometimes saw, men rowing in the twilight, while a Scotch lassie lay resting on the great heap of bracken which she had helped to gather. But come, it is growing damp, and we must go in."

So they all went in, but before the children went up-stairs to bed, Mrs. Bodley sat at the piano, and they all sang a song they knew, — one which they were sure Walter Scott must often have heard his daughters sing.

THE BRACKEN BOAT.

The "Blue Bell" of Scotland.

OLD ENGLISH BORDER SONG.

Tune composed by Mrs. Jordan, about 1799.

Gracefully.
mf
1. Oh! where and oh! where is your High-land lad - die
2. how? tell me how is your High-land lad - die
mf
gone? Oh! where and oh! where is your Highland lad- die gone? He's
clad? Oh! how? tell me how is your Highland lad- die clad? His
pp

gone to fight the French for King George up - on the throne, And it's
bon - net's of the Saxon green, his waist-coat's of the plaid, And it's
cres.
oh! in my heart how I wish him safe at home!
oh! in my heart that I love my High - land lad.
sf
sf
f
Oh! where, and oh!
Sup - pose, oh! sup-
pp
dim.
where, did your High - land lad - die dwell? Oh! where, and oh!
pose, that your High - land lad should die! Sup - pose, oh! sup-

where, did your High-land lad-die dwell? He dwelt in mer-ry
-pose, that your High-land lad should die! Though lau-rels would wave
Scot-land by the sign of The Blue Bell; And it's oh! in my
o'er him, I'd lay me down and cry; And it's oh! in my
sf
1st.
heart that I love my lad-die well.
heart that I feel he will not
p
riten.
f
2d.
Oh! die.
mf
dim.

CHAPTER IV.

THE UNITED STATES IN A PASTURE.

During the hot August days the children often escaped to the shade of the Grove, where they ensconced themselves in the Gorge by the side of Samson's Nut Cracker, — a huge boulder on which the oak-trees dropped acorns, — and told stories, or played at tea-party or Indians. It was here, too, that they told each other their secrets. Whenever one of them had a specially cherished secret to impart to another, the two would crawl into the deepest recess of the Gorge, and then the mysterious thing would be decanted from one little pitcher into the other. Phippy usually unburdened herself of her secret before she could get to the Grove, but after the evening when they had heard so much about Walter Scott, she maintained a most absorbed air, and the next day before breakfast was seen running from one part of Roseland to another as if she were bewitched.

"What can Phip be about!" said Nathan, as the little girl came running up through the grapery. "I should think she was playing tag with the trees, for she has been running from one to another ever since I have watched her."

"Perhaps she has been giving them some new names," said Lucy.

"She could n't. There are no more States, but there are ever so many more trees, at least, if you count the little ones."

"She had a secret, you know, last night."

"Well, I don't think that 's much of a secret, to go round and

play tag with the trees." The breakfast bell rang, and scarcely had breakfast begun, before Phippy jumped up again, ran out, made a little bow, and said: —

"Those who will come to the Gorge after breakfast may have a piece of my secret."

"Oh, tell it now, Phippy," said her cousin. "It will be too hot to go down to the Gorge."

"No, it won't, and you really must come, Cousin Ned, because we shall need you. Come, and I 'll make you some iced lemonade."

"Oh, I should n't want it so soon after breakfast. But I tell you, Phippy, if it is a real good secret, and you will tell it to me on top of Samson's Nut Cracker, I 'll go, but it 's too hot to be dragged into the Gorge." So after breakfast the three children went off to the Grove, and Ned Adams sauntered along under an umbrella a little later. He found Nathan and Lucy already in possession of the secret.

"Is it a good one?" he asked, critically.

"First rate," said Nathan.

"Worth climbing upon the Nut Cracker to hear?"

"Yes, indeed," said Lucy.

"Well, bring the ladder," said the lazy fellow. The ladder was a board with cleats nailed to it, which was left in the Secret Chamber, as it was called, of the Gorge, and when it was pulled out it was laid against the rock, and the whole party climbed by it to the top of the big Nut Cracker. There was room for all and a little to spare.

"Bring the secret up too, Phippy, if there is room."

"Now, Cousin Ned, you are not to make fun of my secret.

I 've a great mind not to tell you; but then we want your knife," she added, reflecting.

"Oh ho, I 'm to do something, am I?"

"Now listen, and I 'll tell you. When mamma was reading about Walter Scott, and how he meant to make a set of chessmen, I had a sudden thought, and I could scarcely think of anything else. I ran out this morning, just as soon as I was dressed, to see if it would do, and it would."

"Took your thought out an airing? Did you put it in the wheelbarrow?"

"But can't you guess, Cousin Ned? I 've given you lots of hints. Think a moment."

"Oh, it 's too hot to think. Out with it."

"I wish you 'd guess."

"Well, is it a set of chessmen?"

"You 're burning."

"Checkers?"

"Ned, you heard me tell Nathan."

"Upon my word! but how could I, Phippy. You had told him before I had got here."

"Oh, I told him right after breakfast. I could n't wait to come here."

"But I don't know what my happy guess means. Checkers? checkers? Do you want to make some?"

"That 's it! We want to make a set for papa out of — what do you think?"

"Buttons?"

"No. Guess again."

"Clamshells from every State in the Union?"

"Oh, but you could n't. There are no clamshells in Kentucky."

"Yes, there are, lots of them. The annual consumption of clams in Kentucky is — several bushels, according to the last census."

"Now, Ned, you know you know, and you 're only teasing us. But I 'm going to tell you. I won't have you guessing my secret. We 're going to cut a limb off each State and make a set of checkers for papa. What do you think of that?"

"But there are thirty-one States, and you only need twenty-four checkers." [1]

"We 're going to leave out some," said Nathan. "That old Pennsylvania, for one."

"Under which William Penn signed the treaty," said Lucy. "Why, Nathan, never!" It is, perhaps, time to explain that the children had taken it into their heads some time before to name thirty-one trees which stood in the grove and orchard after the thirty-one States, and Nathan had carved the initial of each State in the bark of its appropriate tree. They had taken them in a rough sort of relation to each other. The Atlantic coast was represented by the outside fourteen trees in the grove, and the inland States were scattered about in a somewhat confused way. One of their games was to make journeys across the country, visiting each other in remote sections, and a long emigrant train, consisting of the three children with carts laden with household goods from Lucy's doll-house, accompanied by Nep and the kitten, who also sometimes played the part of buffaloes or wolves, fre-

[1] There were only thirty-one States, good reader, when the children were talking. Have not the children grown up since then?

quently crossed the plains and settled in the far West. Such sorrowful leave-takings as they then had with their friends at the East, represented by Lucy's dolls, and such toils and hardships when they came to settle in the new country! The trees had become so identified in their minds with the States, that they always spoke of them by their names, and they found it easy to act out their stories from history when they had such solid localities for the stage of their little drama. They had landed on Plymouth Rock and sailed up the Hudson; they had coasted along Florida and settled Jamestown; they had signed a treaty with Indians under a tall oak which was thus by an appropriate connection made to stand for Pennsylvania. So when Nathan proposed to ignore Pennsylvania Lucy was naturally indignant.

"But, Lucy," he explained, "the branches are so high we could n't possibly climb up and cut one off, and we don't want but twenty-four anyway."

"But you 'll have all the States fighting," said Ned. "Are you going to make twelve eastern States fight twelve western, or twelve northern fight twelve southern?"[1]

"No," said Lucy, "we ought to take them at random, with our eyes shut, and then nobody can say we did n't play fair. But don't you think it a good idea, Cousin Ned? You can saw off a little branch from each tree, and then saw it again so as to get a piece of wood like a checker; it won't be quite round, but then you can file it and cut it and grind it on the grindstone, and mark it with the letter of the State. Don't you see?"

"Pat it and prick it and mark it with T,
And put it in the oven for Tennessee,"

[1] Ah, dear Ned, with your light-hearted jest — ten years more, and what did you see?

said Ned. "It seems to me, though, you have laid out work for me. Am I to climb these trees and tear my trousers, and perhaps saw off the limb I sit on? You say, 'You can saw off a branch,' and so on."

"Hurrah!" suddenly exclaimed Phippy, in great excitement. "Oh, come down to the Gorge, I've got another secret. No, I'll tell it right here. Listen, all of you, and don't you say a word till I get through, — not a single word. Wait a minute, I want to think. Yes, I know it can be done. Cousin Ned will know how."

"Seems to me Cousin Ned is very much put upon," said that young gentleman. "Come to think of it, I believe I am wanted at the house," and he began lazily to rise from the rock.

"Oh no, oh no, you must n't go. Truly and honestly, it is something we can all do. Now listen. Don't you say a word till I get through. I've thought of something splendid. You know the big grass plat between the grove and the orchard, Paul Bodley's Pasture," for so they had named it from a long dead Paul Bodley who had once owned the place, and was buried in a little brick tomb near by, — "well, that is just the best place in the world for the United States. These trees bother us; but we'll draw a gigantic map of the United States in Paul Bodley's Pasture, and mark it off into States, and we 'll have Rocky Mountains, and" —

"Oh, come, come, Phippy," said Ned Adams, "you are going on altogether too fast. This secret is worse than the last. Why, do you expect me to draw that map with the point of a crowbar? I think I see myself doing it!"

"But it is n't impossible," urged Phippy, "and it will be splendid fun, and we can put in the cities, and" —

"What will you do about rivers and lakes?" asked Nathan.

"And the ocean?" added Lucy.

"Where there 's a will there 's a way," persisted Phippy, stoutly. "I am sure Cousin Ned can manage somehow."

"Don't think to flatter me into such nonsense," said he; still secretly he was pleased at Phippy's confidence in his ingenuity, and he began to imagine ways in which the thing could be done.

"There 's about an acre in that piece," he reflected. "If it were winter, Phippy, it would not be wholly impossible. With a good white coating of snow we might hope to draw a map and cut out the edges, but your mother would never let us spade up an outline to the map even if we wanted to."

"But I don't see, anyway," said Nathan, "how you would manage. You might make the divisions into states and territories, but you could n't possibly make the physical divisions; you could n't make mountains and rivers and lakes, or the ocean, as Lucy says."

"We could have frozen rivers," said Phippy, "and that would be all right if it was winter."

"They would n't be frozen except away up here in New England," objected Nathan. "New England is n't all the United States."

"The Hudson would be frozen, because Cousin Ned says it is. He has been on an ice-boat in it — on it, I mean. Have n't you Cousin Ned?"

"Yes, I've beaten a railroad train on one. We went a little faster than a mile a minute."

"But do think of some way, Ned," urged Phippy.

"Well, the only way I think of just now is to mark the outlines with lime or some white flour, and I don't think that would work very well."

ICE-BOATS ON THE HUDSON.

"If we had the outline marked, then we could run a plow along it," said Phippy, "except where the lines were very short, and then we could use a spade or a sod-cutter."

"But your mother never would let us cut up the pasture so. It is absurd."

"Will you do it if mamma will let us?"

"Oh yes, I 'm safe in promising that." Away ran Phippy to the house.

"Now you 've got yourself into a scrape, Ned," said Nathan, and Ned himself began to feel a little uneasy. Presently, Mrs. Bodley came walking toward them with Phippy, who was skipping along and gesticulating earnestly.

"Yes, yes," she cried, as she came nearer. "Mamma says we may, — she says we may."

"What is this crazy notion?" asked Mrs. Bodley of Ned, as she came to the rock. "Phippy has made the most extraordinary proposition to draw a gigantic map on Paul Bodley's Pasture, as she calls it, and she says you are to be chief engineer."

"That depends upon our getting the consent of the Allied Powers," said Ned. "I told her I would help her if you would consent."

"Oh no, Cousin Ned," explained Phippy. "You are to do it, and we are to help you."

"I don't know," said Mrs. Bodley, reflecting. "It would keep you all out of mischief."

"Aunt Sarah! we shall be getting into mischief all the time."

"The children will be learning geography," she pursued, as if not hearing him. "Yes, I think I will consent, provided Ned will really undertake to see it all done, and provided, also, that you will really finish it after you begin. But, Phippy, there is another

condition. Ned's promise to do it, if I would consent, must count for nothing. You must ask him all over again, for he ought not to be entrapped into this." Phippy looked a little doubtful, and Ned put on a very stern face which reassured her. The fact was, Ned was greatly taken with the idea, and though he had not believed his aunt would consent, now that she did he was ready to enter into the scheme. So after teasing Phippy a little while, he consented to accept the office, as he said, of engineer-in-chief for the construction of a continent.

Impracticable as the scheme at first appeared, the ingenuity of the children, headed by Ned, overcame many difficulties. Their work was to draw a map of the United States on a large scale, with a piece of turf for the blackboard. They set about it in the old-fashioned way of map drawing. They took the largest map of the Union which they had and proceeded to enlarge it, using its dimensions for a scale. An inch of the map, made twenty feet. They laid down parallels and degrees with string which they fastened to pegs outside of the space to be covered by their continent, and thus had easy guides to the eye. They established points all over the field, and by degrees effected their outlines, getting into high glee when, beginning at different points, their lines met as they should. Of course, they were obliged to disregard nice jottings, but they made the general coast line so true that Mrs. Bodley, walking with them about the United States, was able to point out the capes and bays with commendable exactness. The fresh-water lakes they indicated by pieces of cotton cloth, cut in proper figures and pinned to the ground by little stakes. The rivers were also made of cotton cloth, though it was a long and serious business to make them. Phippy devoted her-

self to the Mississippi, and was a fortnight sewing the strips together. They made the principal cities, using chips and stones to represent buildings, although of course, on the scale they chose, their cities were liable to be out of proportion however carefully they reduced the materials. Mr. Bottom was harnessed to a plow and did actually make the coast-line. The children thought the ridge of earth outside the Union would answer very well for the wavy lines which they found on their maps to indicate the separation of land and water. The spade and cutter were used also, and they actually made some very respectable mountains by molding clay.

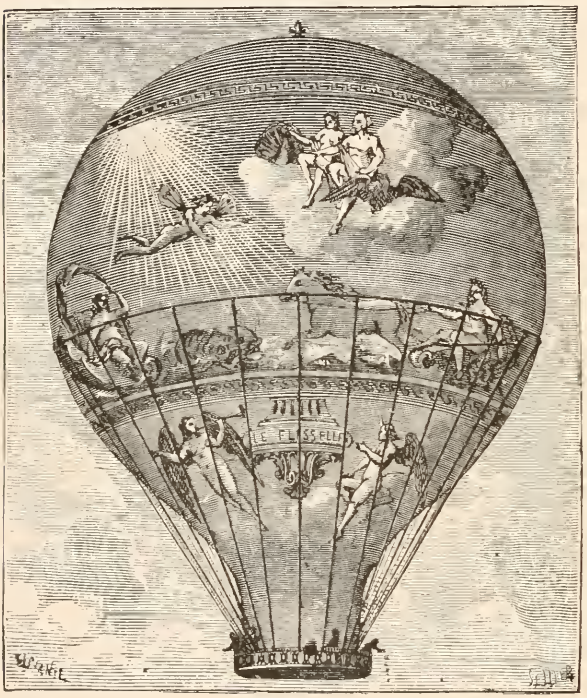
It must not be supposed that all this was done quickly. They spent the rest of the summer upon it, and long before their great map was made they were playing their old games with fresh zest. There was great fun in crossing the continent now, and they brought out from the barn the Roseland and Santa Fé Railroad which Hen had made for them the year before, and as they could move it about they made it do service in all parts of the continent and under all manner of names, according as they wished to travel north or south, east or west. It required a great deal of patience, and perhaps this was what Mrs. Bodley had partly in mind when she gave her consent so readily. The children certainly learned also a great deal of geography and the great pasture was to them a vast object lesson.

One afternoon as they were all sitting by the library door, which opened under a honeysuckle porch upon a grassy bank, resting from their labors and feeling perhaps a little discouraged, Nathan gave a sigh, and said: —

"I wish we had a balloon and could get up high enough to take

a bird's-eye view of the United States. We can't see it from the upper story of the house, and there is no tree high enough to climb and look down on it. I just want to see how it really looks."

"If you were in a balloon, you could come down in a parachute, you know," said Lucy, looking slyly at her brother. Nathan turned a little red. He had not forgotten how, three years or so before, he had played the part of Professor Wise and undertaken to jump off the pig-pen, and how he had kept a sprained ankle some time to remind him of his exploit.



Early Balloon.

"I wonder if they ever will make balloons that one can travel in just as now we take a ship," said Ned; "or, if we shall have private balloons, and you would say, for instance, 'Martin, please bring round the old balloon, it's rather wet to-day, and I'm going to town; I don't want to hurt the new one.'"

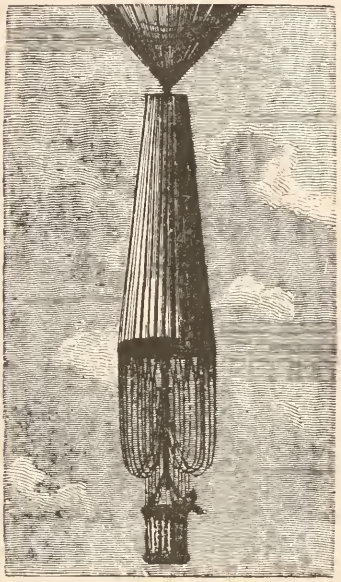
"It won't be for want of trying, at any rate. People have been experimenting on balloons for a long while."

"Ever since Icarus and Daedalus," said Ned.

"That was an experiment in flying. I believe the first actual balloon was made by two brothers named Montgolfier, paper makers, who showed that bags of linen lined with paper and filled with heated air would rise and carry heavy weights with them. Then a great balloon of cloth was filled with hot air and was sent up before an immense multitude. They inflated the balloon by burning chopped straw and wool under the aperture. The court at Versailles took a great interest in the experiments, and a balloon sixty feet high was made, which was decorated with water-color paintings, and a car was hung below it, in which were placed a cock, a sheep, and a duck. They don't seem to have quarreled.

The First Balloon Voyage.

At any rate they all came safely back, after having been up about fourteen hundred feet and sailing about two miles from where they went up. People began to go wild over ballooning, and in a few months a young Frenchman, Pilatre des Roziers, made a balloon and said he would go up himself in it. He had it securely fastened by eighty feet ropes, for men were not yet ready to cut loose from the earth, and he made several ascents. He kept the air heated by a fire built upon a grating of wire in the car. At length he ventured to try a journey without the ropes, so he got into the car with a companion, kindled his fires, and away they went half a mile up and floated about a mile and a half away. That was a great feat, and he kept on; but one day when he was up in the air with a Mr. Romane the fire caught the balloon and it was burned."



A Parachute closed.

"But they don't make balloons go by fire now, do they?" asked Lucy.

"No, people learned to fill balloons with hydrogen gas, and they became more and more adventurous. Only three years after balloons were invented two men sailed across the English Channel. The great trouble now seems to be to steer the balloon so as to make it independent of the currents of wind."

"I never understood how a parachute worked," said Nathan. "I know it is something like an umbrella."

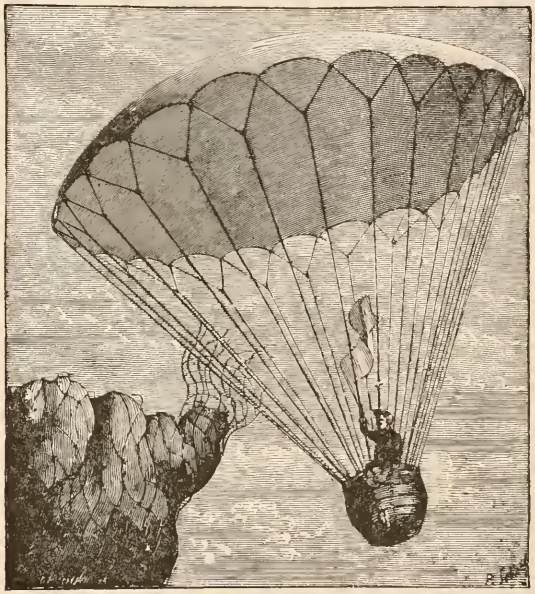
"An umbrella is the nearest and simplest account of it. When

the balloon is in motion the parachute, I believe, is like a shut-up umbrella, with a car attached. If you were to jump off the house with an enormous umbrella held aloft, not caught at the spring, the air, I suppose, would force the folds up and open the umbrella wide, when you would begin to descend more slowly. It is something thus with a parachute. When it is detached from the balloon I believe the air opens it and it becomes a great umbrella."

"I think I should be careful to open my umbrella before I jumped," said Ned.

"Yes," said Phippy, "and then think how you would clutch the handle!"

"People who come down in parachutes," said her mother, "are in a basket, and probably sit very still. I believe the descent at first is fearfully swift, but becomes slower after the parachute is fairly opened. There was a descent made once in a parachute from a height of twelve hundred feet."



A Parachute open.

"Whew! more than five times the height of Bunker Hill Monument. I should want to hang a lot of little umbrellas and parasols all about. Do you suppose, aunt, they will ever cross the Atlantic in balloons?"

"I should not dare to say what might not be done some day."

"How fine it would be," said Phippy, "to see father sail down gracefully into our garden!"

"Or even cross the continent," added Nathan. "We might almost go over that with an umbrella in a high wind."

"We must get the United States done before he comes back," said Lucy. "You have n't written him anything about it, have you, mamma?"

"No, we will keep it for a surprise for him." So the children went back to their work. Indeed, it was so engrossing an occupation that they had agreed to give up the idea of making a set of checkers.

CHAPTER V.

IN THE LOW COUNTRIES.

While the Bodley children were traveling over their own country in Paul Bodley's Pasture, Mr. Bodley himself was following his business, which kept him some time in London, and then was to take him to the Continent. Every week brought a letter from him and was read aloud in the family, often with the atlas upon the table, that the children might trace their father's wanderings. He was spending Sunday in Antwerp, and wrote thence of his recent journey.

"'The last day I was in London I had occasion to call on an old gentleman, who is quite poor but a scholar, and lives in the garret of a house in one of the densest quarters of the city. I climbed the dark staircase to his room and knocked, but no one answered.

A LONDON GARDEN.

I tried the door, and finding it open, entered, but did not see my friend. There was another door, however, which stood ajar, and light came down it from above. I went there, saw a rude ladder leading up to a sky-light, and climbing that, there I found Mr. Jephson upon the roof, in a snug corner formed by a projecting dormer window, standing before a rude frame in which he had some flowers. All about him were flowers in pots and boxes. It was his garden, and here he came and worked over his beloved flowers; the city roared below, but the sun shone above, and you can imagine what a charming sight it was to me. . . . .

"'It was Friday morning that I came upon the Continent. I had taken a steamer from Dover to Ostend, having left Dover at half after ten the night before. It was raining hard and seemed dreary enough. The only people who were awake, apparently, were a man and his little son, who accosted me as I left the steamer, and were so unceasing in their attentions that they never left my side till I got into the station and took the seven o'clock train for Bruges. I spent the day there, and went on to Ghent in the latter part of the afternoon, coming here yesterday evening. All this country is familiar ground to you, Sarah, and I am constantly reminded of our excursions and the sights we saw. I saw again that wonderful picture at Ghent of the Adoration of the Lamb, by the brothers Van Eyck. I was delighted to see how well I remembered it. That heavenly green sward of the central picture, besprinkled with gem-like daisies, — how entirely truthful it seems. Then the figures are grouped so negligently, without any attempt at placing them in easy positions or balancing them against each other. They are all intent on their worship of the Lamb. The St. Cecilia came back to me also with her absorbed devotion.'"

"Is that our St. Cecilia?" asked Lucy.

"Yes, that photograph is one which we bought when we were at Ghent."

"'I heard the carillon, too, again from the high towers, and to my delight the Bruges belfry gave out that old tune of "Life let us cherish," which we heard so constantly. Then I went, in Ghent, to see the Béguines at evening prayer.'"

"What are Béguines?" asked Nathan.

"They are a community of nuns, or sisters of charity, founded early in the thirteenth century, who occupy a large district in Ghent. We missed going to see them for some reason, so let us hear what your father saw."

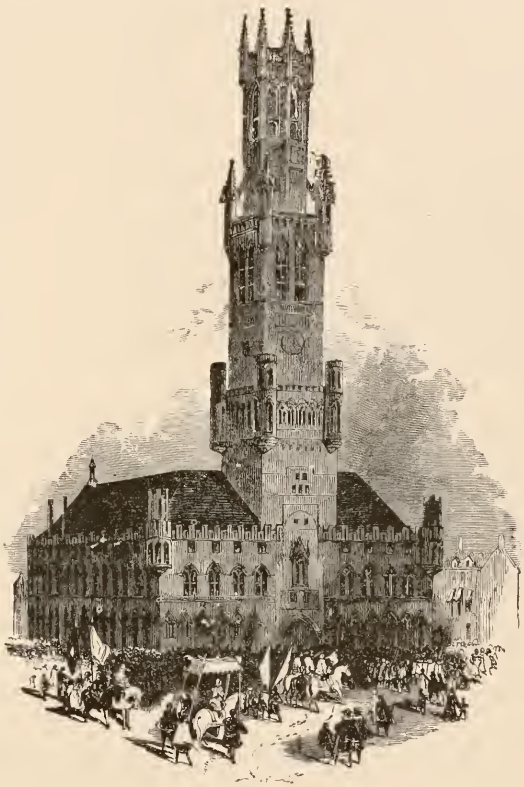
"'The service was less impressive than I had been given to suppose, but quite interesting. There were three or four hundred sisters, most of them in black gowns with white cloth head-dresses, kneeling in rows in the white chapel, while two stood in the chancel and rang two bells. They were wholly in black, and had a singular aspect from where I sat. Black-robed figures kneeling, with white veils, are not so strange as two pulling at ropes, like goblins. I think it was the motion that made them look so queer. One was not so absorbed in her devotions but that she could find time to take a good pinch of snuff. The priest came to the altar, and a monotonous and disagreeable chanting was kept up with the organ in the loft, all done by the sisters, one of whom worked the bellows. When the service was over, each advancing to the altar bowed, took off the white cloth that hung over her head and shoulders, as if it were to be used only in the chapel, folded it in a square, laid it on top of her head, and went out.'"

There was more in the letter, but it was chiefly of interest to

Mrs. Bodley. The children continued to study their map and look at the photographs which illustrated their father's and mother's journey, and were always a source of entertainment to them.

"I don't know much about Belgium," said Ned, frankly, "and I wish Uncle Charles had told us more about his journey from Ostend to Antwerp, but I suppose he has n't much time for letters. Aunt Sarah, we shall have to fall back on your first journey."

"I will tell you what I will do," said Mrs. Bodley, who had taken up her sewing. "There is a charming poem by Longfellow, called 'The Belfry of Bruges.' If you will all learn that poem, — and it is not long, — I will try to tell you about some of the lines in it which you may not understand." I am glad to say that the children were very ready to learn the verses, for I am sure that there are few treasures worth more to us than those we store in our memories. Often and often Ned and Nathan, and Phippy and Lucy, in after life, when traveling, perhaps, in the night, or left where there were no books and little to interest them, would bring out some poem or ballad which they had



Belfry of Bruges.

cherished in childhood, and amuse themselves with reciting it. So now, the very next evening they were ready with the poem. Before they recited it, Mrs. Bodley said : —

" First, I will recite the ' Carillon,' as he calls it, with which Mr. Longfellow introduces his poem. You know that chimes or carillons were invented in the Low Countries ; they were heard in Bruges as early as 1300, and now, wherever you go, you hear them almost incessantly. There are persons skilled in the art who play the chimes, not by pulling ropes, but by means of a great key-board, like that of a piano, the keys of which connect with the hammers that strike the bells. The musician strikes the keys not with his fingers but with his fists, which are guarded by leathern coverings, and though great force is required, — sometimes equal to two pounds' weight on each key, — musicians have acquired great skill in playing on these colossal instruments ; they can, indeed, play music in three parts, — the bass being played on pedals, and the first and second trebles with the hands. But the carillons are more frequently played by clock-work, and are constructed something like a gigantic music-box, with the tunes changed every year. When they are hung away up in the great belfry towers the music sounds very pure and sweet. Here is the carillon which Mr. Longfellow rang. I have not forgotten it, I am sure, for I learned it at Bruges itself."

CARILLON.

In the ancient town of Bruges,
In the quaint old Flemish city,
As the evening shades descended,
Low and loud and sweetly blended,

Low at times, and loud at times,
And changing like a poet's rhymes,
Rang the beautiful wild chimes
From the Belfry in the market
Of the ancient town of Bruges.

Then with deep sonorous clangor
Calmly answering their sweet anger,
When the wrangling bells had ended,
Slowly struck the clock eleven,
And, from out the silent heaven,
Silence on the town descended.
Silence, silence everywhere,
On the earth and in the air,
Save that footsteps here and there
Of some burgher home returning,
By the street lamps faintly burning,
For a moment woke the echoes
Of the ancient town of Bruges.

But amid my broken slumbers
Still I heard those magic numbers,
As they loud proclaimed the flight
And stolen marches of the night;
Till their chimes in sweet collision
Mingled with each wandering vision,
Mingled with the fortune-telling
Gipsy-bands of dreams and fancies,
Which, amid the waste expanses
Of the silent land of trances,
Have their solitary dwelling.
All else seemed asleep in Bruges,
In the quaint old Flemish city.

And I thought how like these chimes
Are the poet's airy rhymes,
All his rhymes and roundelays,
His conceits, and songs and ditties,

From the belfry of his brain,
Scattered downward, though in vain,
On the roofs and stones of cities!
For by night the drowsy ear
Under its curtains cannot hear,
And by day men go their ways,
Hearing the music as they pass,
But deeming it no more, alas!
Than the hollow sound of brass.

Yet perchance a sleepless wight,
Lodging at some humble inn
In the narrow lanes of life,
When the dusk and hush of night
Shut out the incessant din
Of daylight and its toil and strife,
May listen with a calm delight
To the poet's melodies,
Till he hears, or dreams he hears,
Intermingled with the song,
Thoughts that he has cherished long;
Hears amid the chime and singing
The bells of his own village ringing,
And wakes and finds his slumberous eyes
Wet with most delicious tears.

Thus dreamed I, as by night I lay
In Bruges, at the Fleur-de-Blé,
Listening with a wild delight
To the chimes that, through the night,
Rang their changes from the Belfry
Of that quaint old Flemish city.

"Now let us try a recitation in chorus of the 'Belfry of Bruges.'" Mrs. Bodley waved her wooden knitting-needle about in the air, like the conductor of an orchestra, and Ned and the three children kept pretty even pace through —

THE BELFRY OF BRUGES.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

In the market-place of Bruges stands the belfry old and brown;
Thrice consumed and thrice rebuilded, still it watches o'er the town.

As the summer morn was breaking, on that lofty tower I stood,
And the world threw off the darkness, like the weeds of widowhood.

Thick with towns and hamlets studded, and with streams and vapors gray,
Like a shield embossed with silver, round and vast the landscape lay.

At my feet the city slumbered. From its chimneys here and there,
Wreaths of snow-white smoke ascending, vanished, ghost-like, into air.

Not a sound rose from the city at that early morning hour,
But I heard a heart of iron beating in the ancient tower.

From their nests beneath the rafters sang the swallows wild and high;
And the world, beneath me sleeping, seemed more distant than the sky.

Then most musical and solemn, bringing back the olden times,
With their strange, unearthly changes rang the melancholy chimes,

Like the psalms from some old cloister, when the nuns sing in the choir;
And the great bell tolled among them, like the chanting of a friar.

Visions of the days departed, shadowy phantoms filled my brain;
They who live in history only seemed to walk the earth again;

All the Foresters of Flanders, — mighty Baldwin Bras de Fer,
Lyderick du Bucq and Cressy, Philip, Guy de Dampierre.

I beheld the pageants splendid that adorned those days of old;
Stately dames, like queens attended, knights who bore the Fleece of Gold;

Lombard and Venetian merchants with deep-laden argosies;
Ministers from twenty nations; more than royal pomp and ease.

I beheld proud Maximilian, kneeling humbly on the ground;
I beheld the gentle Mary, hunting with her hawk and hound;

And her lighted bridal-chamber, where a duke slept with the queen,
And the armed guard around them, and the sword unsheathed between.

I beheld the Flemish weavers, with Namur and Juliers bold,
Marching homeward from the bloody battle of the Spurs of Gold;

Saw the fight at Minnewater, saw the White Hoods moving west,
Saw great Artevelde victorious scale the Golden Dragon's nest.

And again the whiskered Spaniard all the land with terror smote;
And again the wild alarum sounded from the tocsin's throat;

Till the bell of Ghent responded o'er lagoon and dike of sand,
"I am Roland! I am Roland! there is victory in the land!"

Then the sound of drums aroused me. The awakened city's roar
Chased the phantoms I had summoned back into their graves onee more.

Hours had passed away like minutes; and, before I was aware,
Lo! the shadow of the belfry erossed the sun-illumined square.

"So the poet, you see, stayed in the belfry tower all day," said Mrs. Bodley, "and you see what a wide stretch of country he looked over. The Flemish country is low and flat, and from the tower one can see the ocean line at Ostend, and as far as Ghent, which is twenty-seven miles away. All over the country are scattered famous buildings, lofty, with towers and spires, called Town Halls (Hotels de Ville). Perhaps the one with the most beautiful spire is that at Brussels, and these buildings with spires and bell-towers indicate the wealth and power that once resided in the cities, just

as cathedrals show how rich and powerful was the church that built them. They were not built in a day, and though now they seem almost deserted, they are monuments of a historic time. In Bruges, for instance, the belfry tower surmounts Les Halles, which was the great market of the town. 'Thrice consumed and thrice rebuilded,' the poet says; I cannot quite make that out, but it tells the story of the increased wealth of the place. Far back in the eleventh century there was a wooden bell-tower there. It was burned in 1280 and the foundations of this tower laid in 1291. Upon the very tip top was a lofty spire which was struck by lightning in 1493 and rebuilt in 1502."

"That 's twice consumed and twice rebuilded," said Ned, counting.

"Well, the spire was burned again in 1741."

"Thrice consumed."

"But never rebuilded, but instead a low parapet took its place."

"That was the third time."

"We shall have to play it made the thrice rebuilded, to agree with the poet's line."

"But, mamma," asked Phippy, "how came the people to build these great halls and towers?"

"It was because the people, or rather the towns in Flanders grew powerful by manufacturing and commerce, and were able to hold their own against noblemen and petty princes. All along the shores of the North Sea were fishing and trading villages, and inland the weavers wove from the flax which grew on the plains. They carried on trade with England and with the Mediterranean, and began to gather riches. The weavers and other artisans formed guilds which combined to protect their interests. The noblemen who

claimed to rule over them were all the while getting impoverished by their wars and their costly living, and when they wanted more money they got it from these towns by giving up to them certain rights of government. So, little by little the towns gained the power which the earls and counts had, and as a count built a castle, so the town built a public hall. They hung bells in the towers to call the people together, and the government of the city showed its dignity and splendor by holding its meetings in splendid halls. See, in this picture, what a rich one they built at Louvain, perhaps the most richly decorated building of its kind in the world, and others were scarcely less magnificent. We see them now as show places, but once they were signs of a great municipal and commercial power. Why, at one time, in what is now the quiet dreamy town of Bruges, when the bell rang for work to cease, at the end of the day, fifty thousand workmen tramped over the bridges, and the law forbade the draws to be raised at that hour. You can guess that something like this was in the poet's mind when he says, 'At my feet the city slumbered.' To be sure, it was early in the morning, but he wants to put a great silence between the present and the past to make us feel more strongly the activity and rush of the old times."

"Yes," said Lucy, "and then he wakes up suddenly and sees —

> 'All the Foresters of Flanders — mighty Baldwin Bras de Fer,
> Lyderick du Bucq and Cressy, Philip, Guy de Dampierre.'

Who were all these people, mamma?"

"In those two lines Longfellow has gone with a hop, skip, and jump down the centuries of Flemish history, from the people who inhabited the vast forests of the earliest times, to Baldwin Iron Arm,

the first Count of Flanders, in the ninth century, who brought his bride Judith to his strong fort here and made it his chief seat."

"Then there were the 'pageants splendid,'" said Lucy. "What was the Fleece of Gold? Was it Jason's Fleece?"

"It was an order of knights instituted at Bruges in 1429 by the Philip we have just heard of, when he was married to Isabella of Portugal. He had by inheritance and purchase acquired authority over some of the richest cities and provinces of the Netherlands; indeed, almost the whole country was united under him. He stood equal with kings and emperors, and when he established the order of the Golden Fleece he limited the number of members to twenty-five, and made it a condition that these members should belong to no other order; it included emperors, kings, princes, and nobles, and was a singular illustration of the half-religious, half-commercial sentiment of the place and time. Each knight wore suspended at his breast an image of the Lamb of God, and the symbol indicated both the Christian humility assumed by the order and the source of the Burgundian wealth and power. There was a vast trade, then, with Lombardy and Venice, and the court of Philip was crowded with ministers from the great states of Christendom —

> 'Lombard and Venetian merchants with deep-laden argosies;
> Ministers from twenty nations; more than royal pomp and ease.'

The order of the Golden Fleece became Austrian when Philip's granddaughter, Mary, married the archduke, afterward emperor, Maximilian; it was this Mary, 'hunting with her hawk and hound,' who died from the effects of a fall from her horse near Bruges. She was buried beneath the choir of Notre Dame in Bruges."

"And why did the proud Maximilian kneel humbly on the ground?"

"There is a whole chapter of history in that line, Nathan, and as it has a good deal to do with our town halls, I will tell it to you in as few words as I can. The cities, as I have said, represented the freedom of the people and self-government, wrested or purchased from the nobles; but the contest was always going on, and there were always two parties in the several cities, the party of the nobles and the party of the people. But the cities were also jealous of each other, and instead of uniting against a common enemy, they were very apt to be suspicious of each other, and so increased the opportunity of the nobles. The nobles, when in difficulty, were always making promises to the cities, and would then try to retreat from the promises when the difficulty was over. The gentle Mary, when she died, left a son, Philip, four years old, who was recognized as her successor. Maximilian, his father, was recognized by all the provinces of the house of Burgundy, except Flanders, as governor during Philip's minority. The representatives of the cities seized Philip and carried on the government in his name. Then Maximilian came with some cavalry against Bruges, but was taken prisoner and would not be released until he had knelt on the ground in Bruges and sworn to observe a treaty by which Flanders was to be governed by its own council, in the name of Philip. But no sooner was he at liberty than he came with an army, broke his oath, subdued the magistrates, and regained authority. He courted by turns each party to destroy the power of the other."

Lucy had been keeping track of the verses of the poem, and was ready now with another question: "Had the battle of the Spurs of Gold anything to do with the Fleece of Gold?"

"Oh, I know about that," said Ned. "Let me show off my historical knowledge, Aunt Sarah. The Battle of the Golden Spurs was fought between the Flemings and the French early in the fourteenth century."

"1302," interrupted Mrs. Bodley. "You may as well be exact, Ned."

"Well, the beginning was in one of those quarrels you told us about, when Philip the Handsome, king of France, pretended to espouse the cause of the Flemish towns against Guy de Dampierre, Count of Flanders, but really used the rich cities as his money sack. He had left Châtillon, his queen's uncle, in rule, and had made himself very obnoxious to the people; an occasion came when there was a direct conflict between them. The men of Bruges had usually sounded their great bell when they wanted to call the people together; but the French had possession of that, so they improvised an alarm bell, and at the time agreed upon they seized their cauldrons and pounded their copper sides."

"I 've done that," said Phippy.

"Yes, and what a din it makes, does n't it? Either the noise or the fury of the people did the work; for the French were set upon, and for three days there was a great massacre, which Châtillon escaped only by running away. It was a popular rising, and everything depended on its becoming general, for it was very certain that the French would send an army against these rebellious weavers. The men of Bruges marched to Ghent to get the alliance of that city, but the wretched jealousy and the factious spirit made the Ghentese hesitate, and so when the forces were drawn up, Bruges was aided only by the towns of Ypres, Nieuport, Berghes, Furnes, and Gravelines. Philip sent an army in which were hun-

dreds of French noblemen to chastise these insolent workmen, and the two armies met before the town of Courtrai, upon a large plain. The French were arrogant and full of contempt for their enemy. They were cavalry, heavily clad in mail. The Flemings were on foot, armed only with pikes shod with iron; but they were fighting for their country. Before the battle the holy communion was taken by the men as was customary; but as the time was pressing they did not wait for the bread, but each stooped down and raised to his lips a morsel of the turf he trod upon. Their country was sacred to them. Then the French came riding headlong upon them, but they despised their enemy so much that they scarcely observed the form of battle, they were in such a hurry to ride down these miserable weavers and smiths. They did not see, either, that a great canal, thirty feet wide, covered the plain, and suddenly they all began to plunge head first into this ditch. The Flemings sprang upon them with their pikes, and as the French were encased in their coats of mail they struggled in vain to get free. They were helpless in that ditch, and were literally beaten to death; seven hundred gilt spurs were taken from them, and hung in the cathedral at Courtrai as spoils and trophies. That is the reason the battle was called the Battle of the Golden Spurs. Namur and Juliers were the two counts who led the Flemings."

"There was a vast deal of fighting, it seems to me," said Nathan, "and here comes the fight at Minnewater."

"Yes, but we won't stop for anything now but the White Hoods and Philip Van Artevelde. In 1381 Bruges, which was a great rival always of Ghent, wanted to have direct navigation to the Lis, and so to the sea, instead of sending all her goods through Ghent,

which then held control of the Lis; so she made a secret arrangement with the Earl of Flanders, and began to dig a channel to the Lis, which would have left Ghent upon one side, and destroyed much of her revenue. There was an old custom in Ghent, by which

Van Artevelde and the White Hoods.

persons disaffected with the government ranged themselves into a corps and wore white hoods as a distinctive dress, so this custom was revived under the leadership of one Heins Lyon, and a party went out to attack the Bruges diggers. These retreated

without fighting; but the affair was the beginning of a bitter feud between the two cities, which dragged in the other cities of Flanders. With Bruges, which professed to espouse the cause of the Earl of Flanders, were Oudenarde, Dendermonde, Lisle, and Tournay; while with Ghent were Ypres, Courtray, Grammont, and others; and as the Ghent cause seemed to be that of the people, while the Bruges was of the Earl of Flanders, the strife came to be regarded as a struggle between citizens and feudal lords. The nobles were better organized, and little by little all the cities siding with Ghent were subdued. Ghent alone remained, and there was grave fear in the city that it might be necessary to yield to the Earl of Flanders. At this critical moment, a leader was brought forward in Philip Van Artevelde, the son of a patriotic Ghent man who had himself been killed by the people years before, after he had won freedom for them. Van Artevelde was led to a window of the Town Hall, where he was presented to the people. They set up a shout, and welcomed him as their chief, swearing faithful obedience.

"Now, as soon as Philip Van Artevelde became governor of Ghent, news was brought that the Earl of Flanders was coming upon the city with a great army. Then all the towns and cities about were forbidden to have any intercourse with Ghent. The earl meant to starve his rebellious subjects into obedience. The famine came upon them; people began to die of hunger. Philip, unable to endure the suffering, resolved to appeal to the earl. With eleven others he set out for Tournay, where they expected to meet him. The people waited anxiously for the return of their ambassadors. It was Easter, but there was no joy or festivity in Ghent. At length, after days of suspense, the twelve were seen

returning. The people flocked about Philip for his answer, but he refused to give it until the next day, bidding them all meet him in the market-place at nine in the morning.

"At that hour a vast crowd of emaciated, hungry people met before the Town Hall. Philip, clad in armor, stepped out upon the broad window-sill, and with him were the eleven who had gone with him to Tournay, and other leaders of the White Hoods. He delivered the earl's answer. All the men of Ghent between the ages of fifteen and sixty were commanded to come out of the city to a plain six miles distant, to come bare-headed, bare-footed, clad only in shirts, and wearing halters about their necks, and kneel upon the ground for the earl's pardon or execution, as that lord might determine. When the people heard this message they all fell to weeping and wailing, and after there was some silence Philip spoke again, and said there were three courses from which to take choice: either to shut themselves all up in the churches and die like martyrs, or to march out as the earl had commanded, or for five thousand of them to take their lives in their hands and make a desperate assault upon Bruges. Those nearest him asked what he advised. He was for the sortie, and his courage and enthusiasm suddenly inspired the people with fresh hope. They shut all the gates of the town, and would let no one go out while the preparations were making, and the next afternoon the gates were opened and out marched the five thousand, with two hundred carts laden with cannon and artillery, and seven carts only with provisions, so reduced were they. Those left behind followed them a little way declaring that the moment they heard of the death or defeat of the party they should set fire to the town and perish in the flames. For a day the desperate five thousand kept on their

way to Bruges, living chiefly upon what they could find on their way, and on the evening of the day after they had left Ghent, on Friday evening, that is, encamped on the plain before Bruges. But for the rest of the story I will turn to Froissart and read you what that chronicler says: —

"'The Saturday was a fine bright day, and, being the feast of the Holy Cross, the inhabitants of Bruges, according to custom, made the usual processions. News was soon brought to Bruges that the Ghent army was near at hand; so that every one began to murmur until the earl heard it as well as those about his person. He was much surprised, and said, "See how the wickedness of these mad and foolish people of Ghent leads them to their destruction: indeed, it is time this war should be put an end to." His knights and others instantly waited on him, whom he very graciously received, and said, "We will go and fight these wicked people; however, they show courage in preferring death by the sword rather than famine." They determined to send out three men at arms to examine the force and situation of the enemy. The marshal of Flanders ordered three valiant squires on this service, whose names were Lambert de Lambres, Damas de Buffy, and John de Béart: they set out, mounted on the finest horses in the town, and advanced toward the Ghent army. While this was going forward, every person in Bruges made himself ready, and showed the most eager desire to sally forth and combat the men of Ghent, of whom I will now say a word, and of the manner in which they had drawn themselves up.

"'On the Saturday morning, Philip van Artevelde ordered his whole army to pay their devotions to God, and masses to be said in different places (for there were with them several monks); that

every man should confess himself, and make other becoming preparation, and that they should pray to God with that truth, as people looking to him alone for mercy. All this was done, and mass celebrated in seven different places. After each mass was a sermon, which lasted one hour and a half. . . . . After the sermons, the whole army assembled round a small hill, on which Philip van Artevelde placed himself, in order to be the better heard, and harangued them very ably, explaining to them every point in which they were justified in this war; and how Ghent had frequently sought pardon from the earl, and never could obtain it without submitting to conditions too hard for the town and its inhabitants; that now they had advanced so far they could not retreat; and, that if they would consider, they would see nothing could be gained were they to return, for all they had left behind were in sorrow and misery. They ought not, therefore, to think of Ghent, their wives and children who were in it, but to act in such manner as was becoming their honor. Philip van Artevelde addressed many more fine speeches to them; for he was very eloquent, and had words at command, which was fortunate for him, and towards the end he added, "My good friends, you see here all your provision: divide it among you fairly, like brethren, without any disturbance; for when it is gone you must conquer more, if you wish to live."

"'At these words they drew up very regularly and unloaded the carts, when the bags of bread were given out, to be divided by constable wicks, and the two tuns of wine placed on their bottoms; and there they moderately breakfasted, each man having a sufficiency at that time; after which breakfast they found themselves more determined and active on their feet than if they had eaten

more. This repast being over, they put themselves in order and retired within their ribeaudeaus. These ribeaudeaus are tall stakes, with points shod with iron, which they were always accustomed to carry with them. They fixed them in front of the army, and inclosed themselves within.

"'The three knights who had been sent by the earl to reconnoitre, found them in this situation; they approached the entrances of these ribeaudeaus; but the Ghent men never moved, and rather seemed rejoiced to see them. They returned to Bruges, where they found the earl in his palace, surrounded by many knights, waiting for them, to hear what intelligence they had brought back. They pushed through the crowd, and came near the earl, when they spoke aloud, for the earl wished all present to hear, and said they had advanced so close to the Ghent army that they might have shot at them, if they had so chosen, but they left them in peace; and that they had seen their banners, and the army inclosed within their ribeaudeaus. "And what are their numbers, think ye?" said the earl. They answered that as near as they could guess, they might be from five to six thousand. "Well," said the earl, "now let every one instantly get ready; for I will give them battle, and this day shall not pass without a combat." At these words the trumpet sounded in Bruges, when every one armed himself and made for the market-place. As they came, they drew up under their proper banners, as they had usually done, in bands and constable wicks.

"'Many barons, knights, and men at arms, drew up before the palace of the earl. When all was ready, and the earl armed, he came to the market-place, and was much pleased to see such numbers in battle array. They then marched off, for none dared disobey his commands; and, in order of battle, made for the plain;

the men at arms afterwards issued forth from Bruges. It was a handsome sight, for there were upwards of forty thousand armed heads; and thus horse and foot advanced in proper order, near to the place where the Ghent men were, and then halted. It was late in the afternoon when the earl and his army arrived, and the sun going down. One of the knights said to the earl, "My Lord, you now see your enemies; they are but a handful of men in comparison with your army, and as they cannot escape, do not engage them this day, but wait for to-morrow, when you will have the day before you; you will, beside, have more light to see what you are about, and they will be weaker, for they have not anything to eat."

"'The earl approved much this advice, and would willingly have followed it; but the men of Bruges, impatient to begin the fight, would not wait, saying they would soon defeat them and return back to their town. Notwithstanding the orders of the men at arms, for the earl had not less than eight hundred lances, knights and squires, the Bruges men began to shoot and to fire cannons. The Ghent men being collected in a body on an eminence, fired at once three hundred cannon; after which they turned the marsh, and placed the Bruges men with the sun in their eyes, which much distressed them, and then fell upon them, shouting "Ghent!" The moment the men of Bruges heard the cannon and the cry of Ghent, and saw them marching to attack them in front, they, like cowards, opened their ranks, and letting the Ghent men pass without making any defense, flung down their staves and ran away. The Ghent men were in close order, and, perceiving their enemies were defeated, began to knock down and kill on all sides. They advanced with a quick step, shouting "Ghent!" and saying, "Let us pursue briskly our enemies, who are defeated, and enter the town with them; God eyes us this day with looks of pity."

"'They followed those of Bruges with so much courage, that whenever they knocked down or killed any one, they marched on without halting or quitting the pursuit, whilst the men of Bruges fled with the haste of a defeated army. I must say, that at this place there were multitudes of slain, wounded, and thrown down; for they made no defense, and never were such cowardly wretches as those of Bruges, or who more weakly or recreantly behaved themselves, after all their insolence when they first took the field. Some may wish to excuse them by supposing there might have been treason, which caused this defeat. This was not so; but such poor and weak conduct fell on their own heads.

"'When the Earl of Flanders and the men at arms saw that, by the miserable defense of the men of Bruges, they had caused their own defeat, and that there was not any remedy for it, for every man was running away as fast as he could, they were much surprised, and began to be alarmed for themselves, and to make off in different directions. It is true, that had they seen any probability of recovering the loss which the Bruges men were suffering, they would have done some deeds of arms, by which they might have rallied them a little; but they saw it was hopeless, for they were flying to Bruges in all directions, and neither the son waited for the father, nor the father for his child.

"'The men at arms, therefore, began to break their ranks. Few had any desire to return to Bruges, for the crowd was so great on the road thither that it was painful to see and hear the complaints of the wounded and hurt. The men of Ghent were close at their heels, shouting out, "Ghent, Ghent!" knocking down all that obstructed them. The greater part of these men at arms had never before been in such peril; even the earl was advised to make for

Bruges, and to have the gates closed and guarded, so that the Ghent men should not be able to force them and become masters of the town. The Earl of Flanders saw no help for his men, who were flying on all sides, and, as it was now dark night, followed this advice and took the road to Bruges, his banner displayed before him. He ordered guards to defend the gates if the Ghent men should come thither, and then rode to his palace, from whence he issued a proclamation that every person, under pain of death, should assemble in the market-place. The intention of the earl was to save the town by this means; but it did not succeed, as you shall hear.

"'While the earl was in his palace, and had sent the clerks of the different trades from street to street, to hasten the inhabitants to the market-place, in order to preserve the city, the men of Ghent, having closely pursued their enemies, entered the town with them, and instantly made for the market-place, without turning to the right or left, where they drew themselves up in array. Sir Robert Mareschant, one of the earl's knights, had been sent to the gates to see they were guarded; but while the earl was planning means for defending the town, Sir Robert found a gate flung off its hinges, and the Ghent men masters of it. Some of the citizens said to him, "Robert, Robert, return and save yourself, if you can, for the Ghent men have taken the town." The knight returned as speedily as he could to the earl, whom he met coming out of his palace on horseback, with a number of torches. The knight told him what he had heard; but notwithstanding this the earl, anxious to defend the town, advanced toward the market-place, and as he was entering it with a number of torches, shouting, "Flanders for the Lyon! Flanders for the Earl!" those near his horse and about his person, seeing the place full of Ghent men, said, "My Lord, return; for if

you advance further you will be slain, or at the best made prisoner by your enemies, as they are drawn up in the square and are waiting for you."

"'They told him truth; for the Ghent men, seeing the great blaze of torches in the street, said "Here comes my lord, here comes the earl: how he falls into our hands!" Philip Van Artevelde had given orders to his men that if the earl should come every care was to be taken to preserve him from harm, in order that he might be carried alive and in good health to Ghent, when they should be able to obtain what peace they chose. The earl had entered the square, near to where the Ghent men were drawn up, when several people came to him and said: "My Lord, do not come further; for the Ghent men are masters of the market-place and of the town, and if you advance you will run a risk of being taken. Numbers of them are now searching for their enemies from street to street, and many of the men of Bruges have joined them, who conduct them from hotel to hotel to seek those whom they want. You cannot pass any of the gates without danger of being killed, for they are in their possession; nor can you return to your palace, for a large rout of Ghent men have marched thither."

"'When the earl heard this speech, which was heart-breaking as you may guess, he began to be much alarmed and to see the peril he was in. He resolved to follow the advice of not going further, and to save himself if he could, which was confirmed by his own judgment. He ordered the torches to be extinguished, and said to those about him, "I see clearly that affairs are without remedy! I therefore give permission for every one to depart and save himself in the best manner he can." His orders were obeyed. The torches were put out and thrown in the streets; and all who were in com-

pany with the earl separated and went away. He himself went to a by-street, where he was disarmed by his servant; and, throwing down his clothes, put on his servant's, saying, "Go about thy business, and save thyself if thou canst; but be silent if thou fall into the hands of my enemies; and if they ask thee anything about me do not give them any information." "My Lord," replied the valet, "I will sooner die."

"'The Earl of Flanders thus remained alone, and it may be truly said he was in the greatest danger; for it was over with him if he had at that hour, by any accident, fallen into the hands of the mob, who were going up and down the streets, searching every house for the friends of the earl; and whomsoever they found they carried before Philip van Artevelde and the other captains in the market-place, when they were instantly put to death. It was God alone who watched over him, and delivered him from this peril: for no one had ever before been in such imminent danger, as I shall presently relate. The earl inwardly bewailed his situation from street to street at this late hour, for it was a little past midnight, and he dared not enter any house, lest he should be seized by the mobs of Ghent and Bruges. Thus, as he was rambling through the streets, he at last entered the house of a poor woman, a very unfit habitation for such a lord, as there were neither halls nor apartments, but a small house, dirty and smoky, and as black as jet; there was only in this place one poor chamber, over which was a sort of garret that was entered by means of a ladder of seven steps, where, on a miserable bed, the children of this woman lay.

"'The earl entered this house with fear and trembling, and said to the woman, who was also much frightened, "Woman, save me:

I am thy lord, the Earl of Flanders; but at this moment I must hide myself, for my enemies are in pursuit of me; and I will handsomely reward thee for the favor thou showest me." The poor woman knew him well, for she had frequently received alms at his door; and had often seen him pass and repass, when he was going to some amusement, or hunting. She was ready with her answers, in which God assisted the earl: for had she delayed it ever so little they would have found him in conversation with her by the fireside. "My lord, mount this ladder, and get under the bed in which my children sleep." This he did while she employed herself by the fireside with another child in a cradle.

"'The Earl of Flanders mounted the ladder as quickly as he could, and, getting between the straw and the coverlid, hid himself, and contracted his body into as little space as possible. He had scarcely done so, when some of the mob of Ghent entered the house; for one of them had said he had seen a man go in there. They found this woman sitting by the fire, nursing her child, of whom they demanded, "Woman, where is the man we saw enter this house, and shut the door after him?" "By my troth," replied she, "I have not seen any one enter here this night; but I have just been at the door to throw out some water, which I then shut after me; besides, I have not any place to hide him in, for you see the whole of this house; here is my bed, and my children sleep overhead." Upon this one of them took a candle, and mounted the ladder, and, thrusting his head into the place, saw nothing but the wretched bed in which the children were asleep. He looked all about him, above and below, and then said to his companions, "Come, come, let us go, we only lose our time here; the poor woman speaks truth: there is not a soul but herself and

her children." On saying this, they left the house and went into another quarter; and no one afterwards entered it who had bad intentions.

"'The Earl of Flanders, hearing all this conversation as he lay hid, you may easily imagine was in the greatest fear of his life. In the morning he could have said he was one of the most powerful princes in Christendom, and that same night he felt himself one of the smallest. One may truly say that the fortunes of this world are not stable. It was fortunate for him to save his life; and this miraculous escape ought to be to him a remembrance his whole lifetime.'"

"Well," said Nathan, rather scornfully, "I don't think much of that earl's courage. A pretty figure he cuts hiding under the poor woman's bed, and changing clothes with his servant. I should think he exposed his servant to all the danger he escaped."

"But what became of the starving people in Ghent?" asked Lucy.

"'On the Monday morning,'" Mrs. Bodley read further, "'the happy news of the defeat of the earl and his army was brought to Ghent; that their men had not only conquered them, but also the town of Bruges, of which they were now masters. You may guess the joy the people felt who had been so lately in the greatest tribulation; they made many processions to the church to return thanksgivings to God for the mercy he had shown them, and for the victory he had given to their army. . . . . Philip van Artevelde and Peter du Bois considered that when they had quitted Ghent they had left it destitute of all provision, for there was neither corn nor wine in the town; they instantly detached a large party to Damme and Sluys to gain those towns and the provisions which were in them,

in order to supply their fellow-citizens in Ghent. On the detachment arriving at Damme the gates were thrown open, and the town with all in it surrendered. They ordered out of the fine cellars the wines of Poitou, Gascony, and La Rochelle, and from other distant countries, to the amount of six thousand tuns, which they loaded on carriages and sent by land to Ghent, and also by boats on the river Lis. They then marched on to Sluys, which instantly submitted to them and opened its gates. They found there great quantities of casks of corn and flour, in ships and in the storehouses of foreign merchants, and having paid for the whole sent it by land and water to Ghent. Thus was Ghent delivered from famine, through the mercy of God. It could not have happened otherwise, and well ought the Ghent men to remember it; for that God assisted them is very clear, when five thousand famished men defeated forty thousand even before their own doors.' "

"I 've been waiting patiently," said Phippy, "to hear about great Artevelde scaling the Golden Dragon's nest."

"The Golden Dragon's nest was the top of the spire upon the Belfry of Bruges. Tradition said that the great copper-gilt dragon, as big as a bull, which surmounted the spire, had been brought from Constantinople in 1204. I don't suppose Philip climbed up."

"Shinned up, mother."

"Scaled, we 'll say, the spire to get it down, but it really was carried off to Ghent as a trophy and perched upon the top of their own belfry, where it still is, I believe."

"There was one more time of fighting that the Bruges belfry witnessed," said Ned.

"Yes, in the sixteenth century Charles V. of Spain took the country, and he cut out the tongue of great Roland, the bell which hung

in the Ghent belfry, and cast it to the ground, to humble the Ghentese. Roland had an inscription upon it in Flemish, like this in English.

"'I am Roland; sound I low, there is fire at hand,
But sound I loudly, it means foes in Flemish land.'"

"Well, Aunt Sarah," said Ned, as Froissart was closed and put away, "we might get up a copy of The Belfry of Bruges with foot-notes and illustrations."

"I wish we could all some day make foot-notes there," said Nathan, "on the spot."

"Nathan, if you make puns," said Ned, "I shall illustrate your remarks with wood-cuts from this rule in my hand."

CHAPTER VI.

IN THE HIGH COUNTRY.

As the summer drew near its end it seemed to gather its heat and send it out more steadily. The grasshoppers hopped up and down as if the earth burned them when they touched it. The Bodleys had ice-cream nearly every day, and would have had it oftener if it had not been necessary to turn the crank of the freezer. Nurse Young seemed to be the only cool person. She went about her work, washing laces and laying them upon the grass to bleach, and would stand out there in the sun looking at them, and turning them as if they were cakes on a griddle iron.

"Are n't you ever hot, Nurse Young?" asked Lucy disconsolately, as she sat on the step of the woodshed.

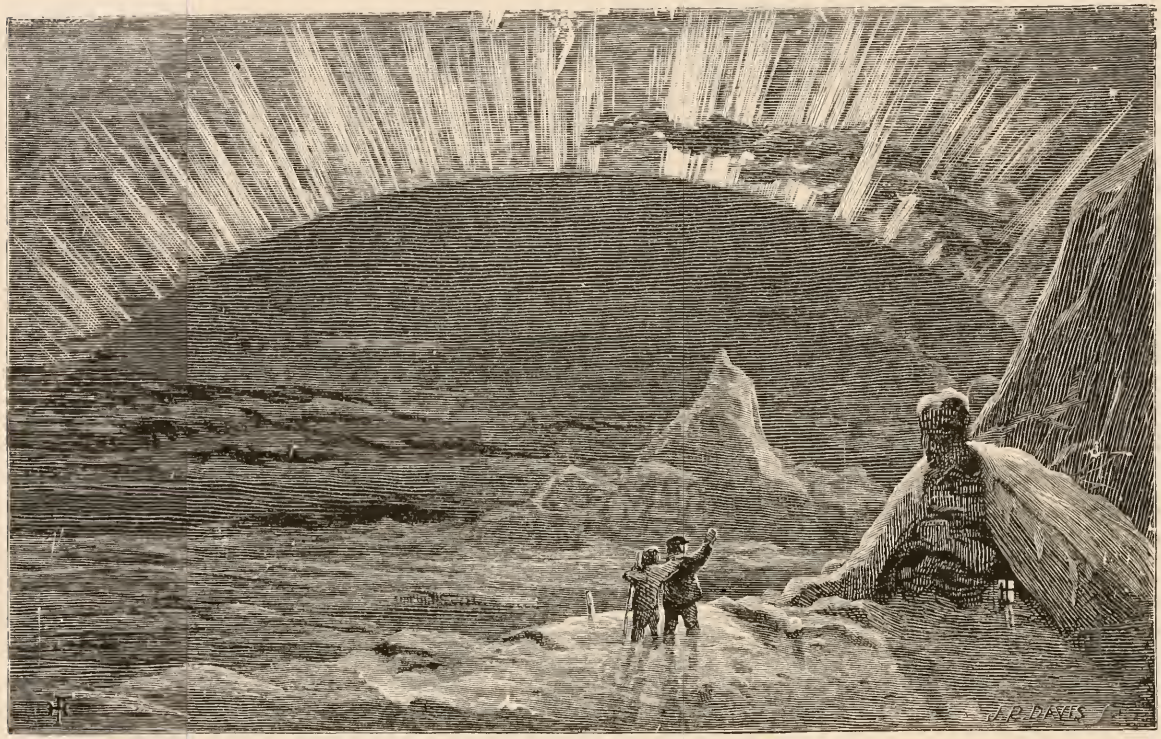
"Well, no, my dear, except when I sit down and think about it. You see in Newfun'land we never had it very hot, and I suppose I got my bones frozen, like, when I was a little gell, and the sun does them good now."

"Then you were always hearing about Greenland and those cold places. I suppose that cooled you off. I should like to be at the North Pole for just about five minutes."

"You 'd want to warm yourself at the Northern Lights," said Nurse Young, good-naturedly. "I rather think the poor men that go wandering round trying to find the Pole would like to warm their hands on the Equator. We always want to be somewhere else, but thanks be to praise, I 'm contented. I know a good home when I get it." Lucy got up and walked slowly back into the house, where she got into her little rocking-chair and rocked slowly back and forth. Mrs. Bodley, walking in and out on some household errands, saw her.

"Run and help Nathan string peach-pits," she said, and Lucy rose and walked off to the piazza. Nathan and Phippy had been cracking peach-stones and were stringing the pits on thread. It was quite a little business with the Bodleys; they saved all the peach-stones, cracked them, strung the pits, and sold them strung for five cents a hundred, while Mrs. Bodley used them for flavoring blanc-mange. Her mother watched Lucy as she went out, and fell to thinking. At breakfast the next day her thoughts came out.

"Do you think," she asked, "that we could get packed to-day for a week among the mountains?" The children shouted, and Lucy's eyes brightened. "We will try, at any rate," she went on, "and if we can we will take the train for Alton Bay to-morrow." The rest of the day was a lively one. The children seemed to forget the



THE NORTHERN LIGHTS SEEN ON THE PREMISES.

heat, so eager were they to be off, and the next day they were all on their way to the White Mountains. Mrs. Bodley knew of a quiet little village called Tamworth, half way between Senter Harbor and Conway, where she could find board, and there she meant to take her little flock. The day was heavy and close, but as they got away from the city they seemed to breathe more freely. As they came closer to the hills their spirits rose and the children were running first to one side and then to the other of the car. At Alton Bay they changed from the railroad to the little steamer Lady of the Lake, and so crossed Lake Winnipiseogee to Senter Harbor, the cool wind blowing across the water, and the round Red Hills before them. They dined at the Senter House, and after dinner clambered up upon the stage-coach and drove off to Tamworth, which they reached in time for an early tea. Chocorua stood sharply before them, a noble mountain, that looked almost inaccessible with its rough granite summit; and other mountains, Sandwich Dome, Passaconaway, White Face, and one which from its appearance, their landlady said, sometimes was called Tumble Bed Mountain, were ranged along the near horizon.

"It does look exactly like a great feather bed into which somebody has jumped," said Lucy.

"Chocorua looks like a ploughshare," said Ned. "Aunt Sarah, can you get any idea of Switzerland from these mountains?"

"Oddly enough, Ned, Chocorua itself has a likeness to the Matterhorn, one of the Swiss mountains. It is not, to be sure, so high, but its shape is like it, and if it were in perpetual snow I think it would look nearly as grand."

"Oh, would n't I like to walk in Switzerland!"

"We 'll go some day, Ned," said Nathan. "Depend upon it."

"I suppose the mountains are all covered with snow in the winter," said Phippy, "and then they must do nearly as well as Switzerland."

The Matterhorn.

"Chocorua is not," said the landlady. "The snow blows off its granite top, but there is a beautiful sight we see there every spring. The snow stays on the mountain longer than it does below, but after it is all gone everywhere else, you can trace it on the face of Chocorua in the shape of a beautiful white cross. I don't know as you can make it out very well in this light, but perhaps you can see a ravine filled with trees and bushes running up the head?"

"Yes, I think I can make it out."

"There 's another crossing it, and the snow will lie on those ra-

vines in among the bushes, when it has fallen off the rocks, and you will see a white cross."

"Oh, I 'd like to come here in the winter-time!" exclaimed Lucy.

"Well, we like it," said the landlady. "We think the winter here is finer than the summer sometimes, but it does get rather

A Sleighing Party in the Mountains.

lonely. There are n't as many young folks here as there were when I was a girl. Then we had fine sport, going on sleighing parties and having bees. It 's pretty quiet here nowadays."

It could not be called noisy even in the summer season. The place had not yet become a summer resort, and only now and then did any one come to use the village as a headquarters from which

to plan excursions. But the children were very happy in their life there. They took long drives with a stout horse and wagon, and though they did not climb Chocorua they made many ascents of lesser hills. One day they planned a picnic upon the shores of Chocorua Lake. It was a lovely autumn day. The goldenrods were indeed beginning to show signs of drooping, and the maples here and there were shot with bright colors, while the sumachs in the meadows had already begun to cast their slender leaves. They drove through the woods and to the lake, and, crossing the little causeway which separates the two ponds, followed a cart path into the fields and up to a little knoll which overlooked the water. Above them they could see the tall mountain, and all about them rocks, trees, and water. Not a house was within sight. They took the horse from the shafts and let him browse in the dry pasture, while they scattered in search of blackberries. A few late raspberries they found also, and even one or two tiny mountain strawberries which had a singular fruitiness for such little berries. Perhaps their rarity made them seem more delicious. When they came back to their picnic ground and showed their spoils, they had been so successful that it was agreed to put off their lunch until they had finished their berrying, for the chief business of the picnic was to gather berries enough to allow Mrs. Bodley to make blackberry jam for the winter. So their lunch was not until nearly three o'clock. They had just seated themselves on the grass to eat it when they heard wheels approaching, and in a moment their landlady appeared, clucking to her horse, and making toward them.

"What is it, Mrs. Bruce?" asked Ned, starting up. Mrs. Bruce dropped the reins and fumbled under the cushion of the wagon.

"There was a letter came," said she, "and I was driving over toward Albany, so I thought I 'd stop and leave it, thinking maybe you 'd like to have it at your picnic. You don't mean to say, Mrs. Bodley, you 've picked all those berries! Well, the children have been smart."

"Stop and have some lunch, Mrs. Bruce," said Mrs. Bodley.

"Lunch now at three o'clock! Well, you must be mortal hungry, or else you ain't, I don't know which. No, I must be going on. Huddup, Katy!" and she turned her wagon about, holding the reins on high, and disappeared among the bushes.

"Is n't it splendid!" said Phippy; "it 's a letter from father. How did it get to Tamworth?"

"I left word to have it sent on if it should come. Yes, it is from Geneva, Switzerland."

"I hope he 's been among the Alps," said Ned. "It would be highly appropriate to hear it here under Chocorua."

"We 'll hear it, wherever he has been," said Mrs. Bodley. "Why, here is a note inside for Nathan."

"And is n't there one for me?" asked Phippy.

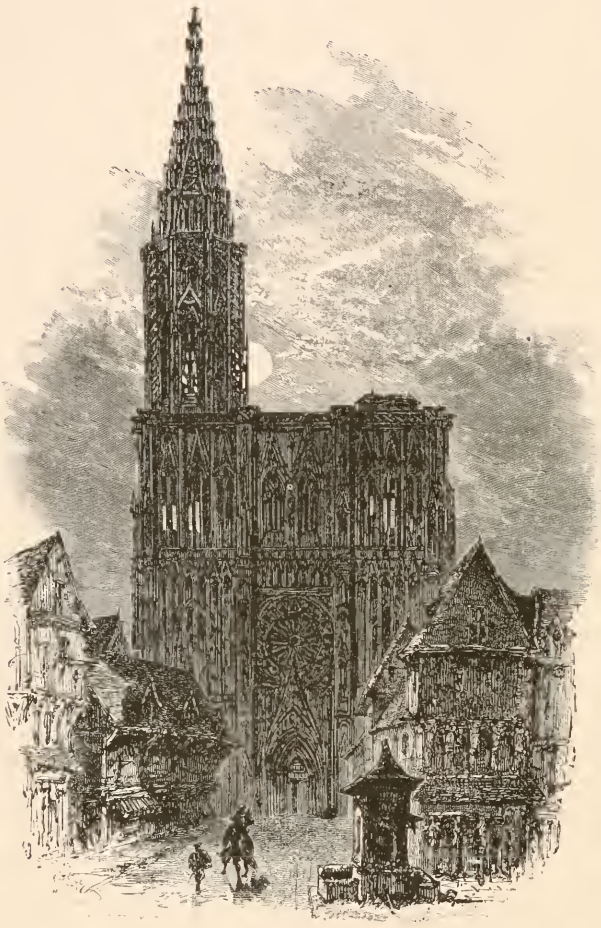
"Why, yes," said Nathan, opening his; "your's is inside of mine."

"Oh, get at mine," said Lucy; and Phippy, opening hers, dropped out, sure enough, a little one for Lucy.

"Now, Lucy, give me mine," said Ned; but although all the sheets were opened and shaken nothing fell out for Ned Adams. "Then I must have a piece of each," said he.

"Mine seems to be little more than a sketch of what your father has done since he last wrote," said Mrs. Bodley, glancing over her sheet. The letter told how from Belgium he had gone to Cologne, and from there on the Rhine to Coblentz; at Coblentz he had

taken rail again, by Strasburg and Freiburg to Basle, when he entered Switzerland. The first point he had made there was Lucerne; thence by the Brünig Pass to Brienz and Interlaken, whence he had made excursions to Mürren and other points; by the Grimsel to the Valley of the Rhone; down that valley to Martigny, with a side excursion to the Baths of Leuk; from Martigny to Vevey and back, and then by the Tête Noire to Chamounix, and so to Genèva.



Strasburg Spire.

"My letter is from Basle," said Nathan.

"You shall each read your letter aloud," said his mother, and I think Nathan must begin, as he is the oldest.

"Mine is from Vevey," said Phippy.

"And mine from Chamounix," said Lucy.

"Then the order is in the order of his journey. Come, Nathan, let us hear about Basle."

"There is not much about Basle," said Nathan, who had been reading his letter. "It is mostly about Strasburg, with lots of photographs in it," and then he read: —

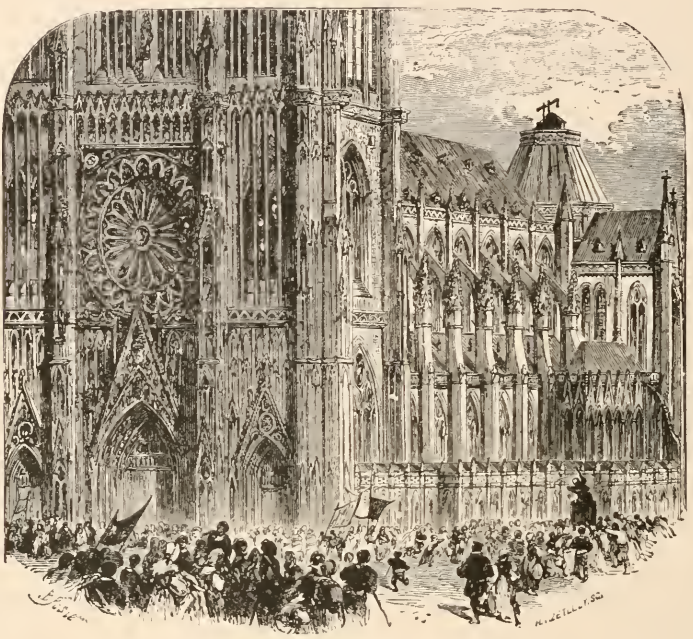
"'You must study German before you travel abroad, Nathan. I have so little of the language that I had some trouble getting a towel this morning. I found that the maid had neglected to leave me one. So I rang, and a boy came. I put my sleepy head and hands out of the door-crack, said I wanted a towel, and performed a mimic wiping of my face and hands. In five minutes the maid came with something wrapped in tin foil, which I suppose was soap. I said "No, no, no!" and shouted "Towel!" as if the louder I spoke the more perfectly she would understand. Then I gave my face and hands another dry wipe, and she exclaimed, "Wasser!" "No, no!" I cried again, and louder still, "Towel!" Off she went, and in five minutes more there came an English-speaking servant who took my order, and at last the precious article came.

"'But I meant to tell you about my visit to Strasburg. It is in French territory,[1] and to avoid having my luggage twice examined, I stopped at Kehl, a little village on the Baden side of the Rhine, and, leaving my bags, took an excursion lightly equipped across the river. I had seen the spire in the distance, and as I passed through the city I was entertained by the vast roofs of the houses, which were most picturesquely irregular. They seemed to be jumbled together in such a confused way that one would think each feared to slide off into the street, and was seizing its neighbor

[1] So it was when Mr. Bodley was there years ago.

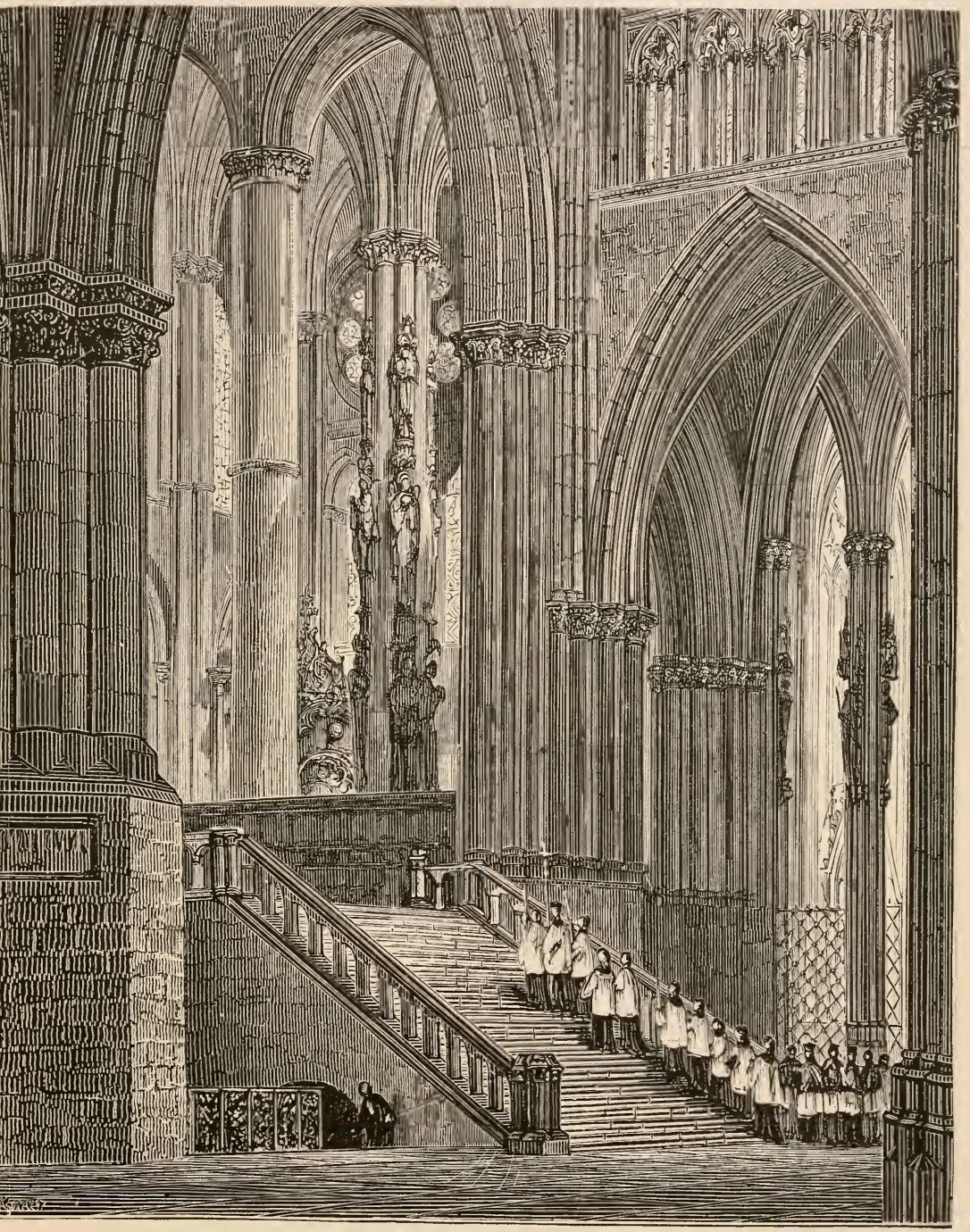
to hold itself in place. An avalanche of these steep roofs would seem something to be expected; and then the queer little windows, poked out of the roof, higher and higher, made me think that a race of astronomers must live in them.

"'The cathedral rose finely from an open square, its spire tower-



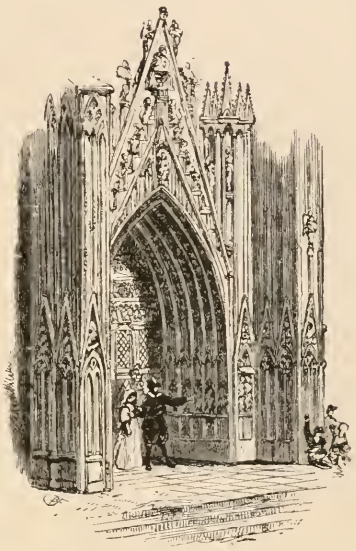
Strasburg Cathedral

ing four hundred and sixty-eight feet above the pavement, — the tallest spire in the world, and, indeed, taller, I believe, than any structure of man's building. I went in through the beautiful porch, and I think if I could have chosen a first cathedral to show you, I should, perhaps, have chosen this, because of two things. There are no little chapels and very few pictures, so that there is little



THE PROCESSION OF PRIESTS.

to draw off the eye from the great masses of form and color. The stone is a reddish sandstone, which made the church appear to be in twilight. Then there is a superb western marigold window, and you would see how beautiful colored glass could be. But what you would be most interested in would be the famous astronomical clock. I happened to enter the cathedral just as a procession of priests was ascending the broad flight of steps which leads into the part of the cathedral called the choir. In an hour the service was over, and as it was nearly twelve o'clock, I made my way to the South Transept to see the famous clock. This clock takes the place of one which was made a long while ago, but had fallen into decay; it stopped in 1789, after running more than two hundred years, and in 1838 a Strasburg clockmaker undertook to repair and improve it; so I suppose it is finer than it ever was. The clock is of three stories, and is sixty feet high, with a tower in which the weights are contained. There was a little crowd of people waiting for the clock to strike twelve, and when the hour came, a figure representing Time, seated in a niche above the dial, struck with a hammer on a bell which he held. Then Childhood slowly passed before Time and struck another blow. Every quarter of an hour in the hour, a new figure strikes: at quarter after twelve, Youth would strike; at half after twelve, Manhood; and, at a quarter before the hour, Old Age; and, at the same time, a figure at

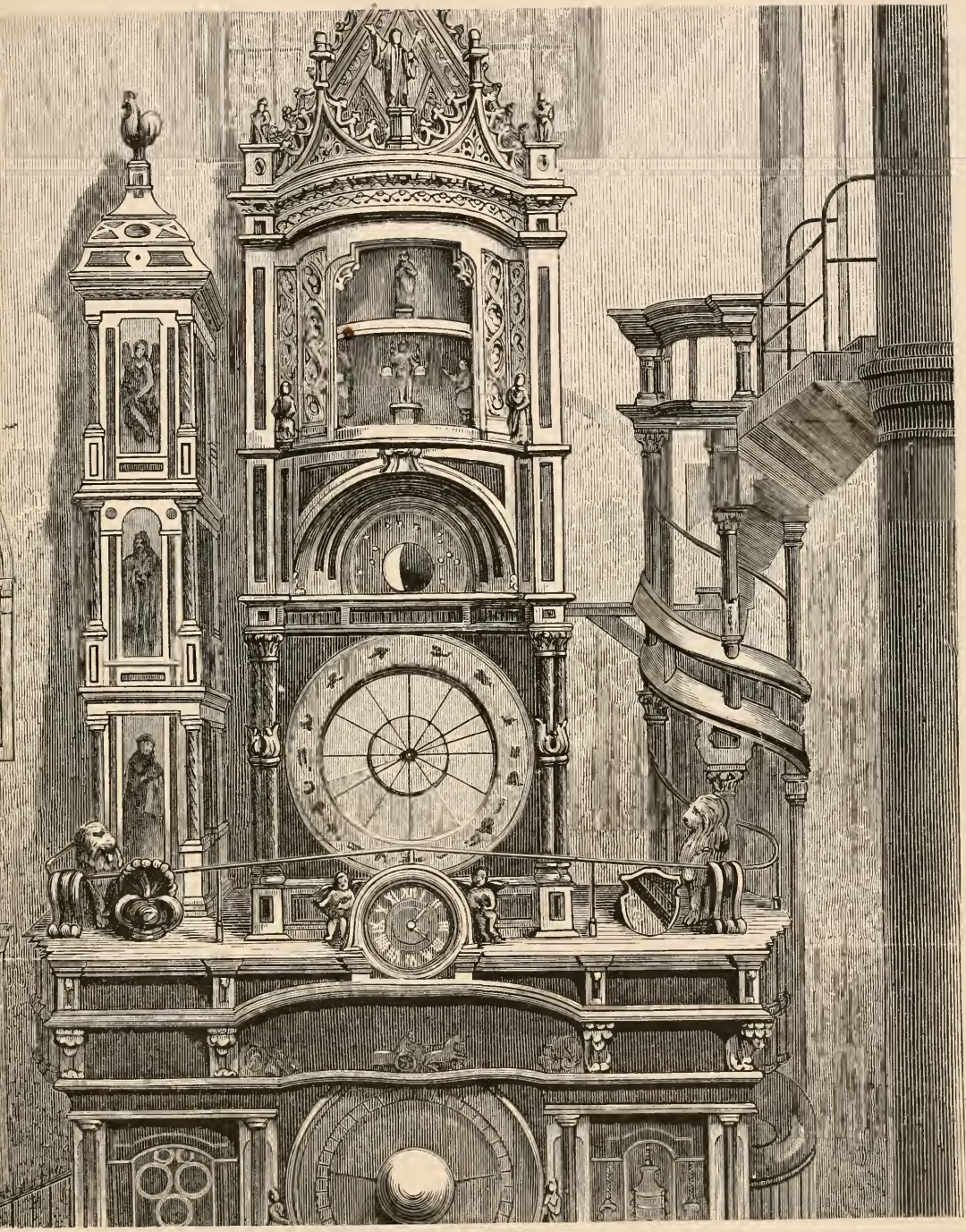


Porch of Strasburg Cathedral.

each quarter of an hour turned a sand-glass. Away up at the top was a figure representing the Saviour, and now the twelve Apostles began to march past him, each one bowing as he came opposite, while he waved a little flag over them. Then, upon the top of a side tower was a cock, which flapped its wings and crowed three times. It was like the crow of a very young cock. Besides this, Diana came out of a niche lower down, for it was Monday, and each day the deity whom the ancients connected with the day comes out and shows himself or herself. Then the clock sets in motion a chime of bells; so you see I had to keep my eyes and ears open lest I should miss something. I am very much afraid that I have not told everything that was to be seen at twelve o'clock; but this is all that I can remember.

"'I wish you were in my room now. I am in a hotel called the Trois Rois, or the Three Kings, and my room has a little balcony off from it looking out upon the river Rhine, which flows directly past the hotel, washing its walls in fact. There is a bridge across the river just below, and the current is very swift. As I sat on the balcony a little while ago eating my tea and honey, I saw a party of swimmers, who were making very little motion but were shooting down the stream with a rush. They had started far above, and a boat was following them which carried their clothes. A man was standing in the stern steering it, while the swimmers kept ahead of the boat and seemed almost to dance through the water. In two or three minutes they were far below the bridge. The roofs here have a window which overhangs the walls, perhaps for a crane to haul up things from the street below. They look as if they were peeping over to see what was going on below.'"

"Is that the end, Nathan?" asked Phippy.



THE FAMOUS ASTRONOMICAL CLOCK.

"Yes, except, 'Your affectionate father.'"

"Well, then, I'll read mine; it is from Vevey; listen. 'I have just been to visit'" —

"Is that the very beginning, Phippy?"

"Yes, except, 'My dear Phippy.'"

"Oh well, we know that. Go on."

"'I have just been to visit the Castle of Chillon, which is on a rock projecting into the Lake of Geneva. The castle is an old one, but see why I and thousands of other people visit it. An English poet, Lord Byron, once wrote a poem upon it, and ever since people have passed many other castles without stopping, but have not failed to go to Villeneuve to see the Castle of Chillon. It was not long after Columbus discovered America that Bonnivard, a patriot of Geneva, was confined here in this castle. In those days prisoners were treated often with great cruelty. Deep in the castle are dungeons, dark and gloomy, where prisoners were confined. They were chained to stone pillars, and the guide pointed out the one to which Bonnivard was chained for six years. The iron ring to which his chain was attached is still there, and in front of it a hole in the solid rock said to have been worn by the action of his feet as he walked up and down for eight feet, the length which his chain permitted him. There is a room into which I went,

Bonnivard in his Dungeon.

which had a trap-door in it. Sometimes, when prisoners were to be executed, the door was opened and they were bidden walk down the steps, which led into the darkness below. The fearful man would take one step, two steps, three, feeling his way cautiously, but when he felt for the fourth, he would plunge down (for there was no fourth step), down, down, eighty feet into the lake below. Let us hope that some of them went down feet foremost, struck the water with their toes, and were not too stunned to swim ashore.

"'Now I must tell you of my visit to the Baths of Leuk. If Cousin Ned is with you he will tell you to pronounce that word'"—

"Loik," said Ned promptly.

"Yes, that is the way father says."

"'There is a little village shut in by such a wall of rocks on all sides but one that you would never think it possible to get out of it save by the winding valley that leads up to the base of the rock, unless, indeed, you were an Alpine Goat; but wait a bit till I have told you about the baths. There are some warm springs of mineral water, and so abundant that nine tenths of the water flows away unused. The other tenth is saved for bathing, and people come from far and near to be cured of rheumatism. I think I would willingly suffer a good many twinges before I submitted to the treatment. Four hours in the morning and four in the afternoon, do the patients have to stand or sit up to their chins in hot water. This would be so stupid in solitude that they bathe in one great room, all clad in some coarse stout garments. I went in to see

An Alpine Goat.

them, for the baths are open to visitors. The steam from the water was very hot and I began to perspire at once, but I think I should have laughed myself into a heat besides if I had not been restrained by politeness. There were twenty or thirty poor wretches floating about in the water, their heads just out and looking very unhappy indeed. Each one had a little floating table before him, on which he had taken his breakfast. Some played dominoes, but one of them, an Englishman whom I had met on the way up, and who was splashing about in a melancholy fashion, said they were apt to drop the pieces into the water, and then they had to dive for them. I never saw such uncomfortable looking people. They seemed to look beseechingly at me standing there clothed and dry, while they were boiling, boiling in that horrid vat. A man sat in a balcony and played some dismal kind of hurdy-gurdy, and when he stopped the poor things clapped their hands and chirped, as if they never had heard anything so delightful. Then, for amusement, they squirted water at each other, though that, I believe, is against the rules. When the time for the end of the bath comes, an attendant opens a little door and each one floats out in turn to a dressing-room. They have to go to bed for an hour after each bath. I am sure I should want to take a bath after I came out, to wash off that hot water.

"'I said that there seemed to be no way of getting out of the place except by the little valley that led up to it, but really there is,—one of the famous mountain passes of Switzerland, the Gemmi. At first you do not see any crack in that massive mountain wall, which hems in the valley. You almost expect to see a wizard touch some secret spring in the rock and open a mysterious door, but as you come nearer the precipice you begin to see a narrow path. I

climbed it one morning early. It goes up by a most zigzag route, the path being often hewn out of the solid rock, and making such short turns that it seemed almost impossible there should be any way of getting further. I constantly found myself as if on a mere shelf, looking down five hundred feet of precipice. It was one of the hottest walks I ever took, for the sun shone steadily on me, and it was only once in a while that I could find any little dark corner to crawl into and keep cool there for a few minutes. The path is four or five feet wide, and protected sometimes by parapets at the side, but they were not parapets that I should have enjoyed leaning over. I went up on foot, but coming down I met my Englishman going up on a donkey, and it was evidently serious business with him.

If he should slip

"'On another side of the valley where there is no pass, there is what is called The Ladders. The people here perch their villages often upon almost inaccessible heights, where they live a primitive life with their flocks and herds, making cheese and butter. There is such a village in Albinen, which has

a path leading down to the Rhone, but is nearest to the Baths of Leuk, except that a straight line to that town is a perpendicular line. Yet the Baths give them a market. If the people of Albinen were richer, they would have hewn an ingenious path down the precipice, like the Gemmi; but being poor they have hung a succession of eight ladders, up and down which they go, men, women, and children, whenever they wish to visit the place. I climbed to the top and got some charming views, but it certainly is a droll way to reach a village, to go up stairs to it. The mode of dress of the women has undergone a change in consequence of this way of traveling, and they all wear something like a Bloomer costume.'"

A Swiss Peasant Woman.

"Well, I 've got a surprise for you," said Lucy, as Phippy finished her letter. She had been peeping into her own letter and had caught sight of a word or two.

"What! is papa coming home right away?"

"Oh, you need not guess. You may just listen."

"'This is almost the end of Switzerland for me, for I shall go directly to Geneva and Paris from here, on my way home. I have often thought as I have been traveling how much I should like to have my little Lucy with me, walking along the road or riding on a donkey. All the people here walk, men and boys,

women and girls. You see women with big baskets strapped to their backs trotting along the roads as if they never had heard of a horse or pair of wheels. You will have to grow strong, though,

Swiss Chalets.

before you can see everything there is to see here. I should like to show you the houses, or chalets as they are called, with great rocks laid upon the roofs, to keep them from blowing away, and

balconies reached by ladders from below, and quaint texts carved in the wood. I should like, too, to show you the waterfalls. There

Climbing tne Alps in Imaginaion.

is one valley which I visited called Lauterbrunnen, which means

"nothing but springs;" and so you would say, for the rocks seem bursting everywhere with water, as if there were a vast reservoir behind, and there were leaks or places where faucets had been left open. As if that were not enough it began to rain, and to rain hard, too, so we were dinned by water in every direction. There was a lovely waterfall, the Staubbach, or Dust Brook, a little mountain brook, that, hurrying down the hill suddenly comes to the edge of a precipice nine hundred feet high, and, pop! over it goes, falling so far that the very water is shattered, and seems to rise and fall in the air like dust, until striking a projecting rock near the ground it gets body again and scrambles down to the valley. It is like the falling fire from a rocket of golden rain, except that it is water and not fire.

"'I have climbed some high mountains, but always on my own feet. Sometimes I have come upon parties on horse or donkey back, and they are pushed and pulled often by the guides, so that I should think they would all be more anxious about how they got to the top than what they saw after they got there. Here at Chamounix I am right under Mont Blanc, the greatest of all the Swiss mountains, but hallo! —

"'What do you think, Lucy! You never will guess. Just as I had written so far, I happened to look out of the window, and there, coming down the road on a donkey, was — Hen!'"

"What, Hen! our Hen!" exclaimed Phippy. "Away off there in Switzerland!"

"Oh, let's hear, Phippy," said Nathan. "I'll warrant he had some tall story to tell papa."

"'I rubbed my eyes,'" went on Lucy, "'and looked again. There was no mistake. I jumped up, clapped on my hat, and ran out of

the house. Hen was sitting on the donkey, looking about on the mountains as calmly as if he were on our barn floor.

"'How d' ye do, Mr. Bodley?' said he, when I came up. 'This is quite a country. That 's Mount Blank, is it?' and he looked at it critically. 'Well, I 'd 'bout as lieve see Mount Washington. 'T is n't much after the Himalayas.'

"'Now, Hen,' said I, 'don't pretend you ever saw the Himalayas.' He looked at me a moment in that curious way he has, looked at the guide who was with him, and then said, 'Well, p'r'aps he doos n't understand very well, but I go on the principle of making light of the scenery round here. They think so much of it, and if you go into fits over it they charge you just so much extra. Well, how d' ye do, any way?' and he shook hands again. 'How d' ye leave them all at home? I 'd like to see that little Lucy again; but I 've got something in my chest for her.'"

"Oh, what is it, Lucy?" asked Phippy, eagerly.

"He does n't say. Papa does n't say. I don't believe he asked Hen."

"Go on, Lucy."

"'Hen had come to Marseilles from New York, and had taken it into his head to visit Switzerland. He was traveling all alone, and his one idea seemed to be to hurry by all the important places and always stop at a little resting-place farther on. So now he was passing through Chamounix to Les Ouches. His guide-book told him the place was famous for its honey, so he was bound for Les Ouches, he said, to get a sticky supper. He admitted that he found it difficult to teach his guides what he wanted. He had been on this donkey all the way from Martigny, and seemed quite

attached to him. If he ever gets back to Roxbury you may be sure that there will be no place in Switzerland which he has left unvisited.' "

"Good for Hen!" cried Ned. "To think of Uncle Charles discovering him there in Chamounix! I can imagine the coolness with which Hen greeted uncle, as if it were the most natural thing in the world for them to have met just there."

"I do believe Hen will get back first," said Nathan. "I expect to see him come up the avenue on his donkey."

"A donkey would be a fine addition to our household," said Phippy.

The letters and chat had kept them busy, and the afternoon was drawing to a close, so they packed the remains of their lunch, covered the baskets of berries with paper, and drove back to Tamworth. The next day Mrs. Bodley made blackberry jam and preserved blackberries, and blackberry wine, and blackberry cordial. The jars and bottles were all safely packed, and in two days more they were at home again in Roseland, very much refreshed by their little excursion.

CHAPTER VII.

A JOURNEY ROUND THE GARDEN.

Not long after the family returned from Tamworth, Ned's last college year began, and he left Roseland before his uncle had returned from Europe. The schools, too, in Roxbury had opened again, and the children were busy with their books, but the days

were still long, and much of their time was passed out of doors. Their father's letters home and their own excursion to the mountains had filled their heads with the notion of travel, and all their sports were in that direction. They crossed and recrossed the United States in Paul Bodley's pasture with untiring enthusiasm, and laid new railroads in the wilderness, and even founded towns, at what they regarded favorable points, not yet reached by ordinary emigrants. But so constant a tramping on the field made sad havoc with the boundaries, and they were compelled every little while to stop their traveling and do a little engineering and surveying again of the coast. The gradual obliteration of the United States lessened their ardor somewhat, and they began to neglect this play.

"What do you say, Nathan," said Phippy one day at dinner, "to making a Europe? We might travel over papa's route then, or we might make the two hemispheres and sail across the Atlantic between them."

"Oh, I don't believe we could," said Nathan. "There isn't room to do them on a large scale, and it would be no fun to have to step carefully, lest we should be in London on one leg and in Paris on the other."

"Besides, Cousin Ned isn't here," added Lucy.

"I wish we could make a real journey of discovery," said Phippy.

"That is not so difficult" said Mrs. Bodley. "There was a Frenchman once who wrote a book which he called 'A Journey round my Room,' and another Frenchman has followed his example with 'A Journey round my Garden.' Now if you children wish to be real travelers, you must learn how to travel at home, and to see what lies under your eyes. Why do you not sally out and

make voyages of discovery to day? It is Wednesday afternoon, and you have no school. Set out in different directions, and at tea you can give an account of your travels. Only I would make it a rule not to go out of our own place. I am sure you will see some things you never saw before."

The children entered into the plan with enthusiasm. Phippy armed herself with a note-book, in which she said she meant to keep a journal; Nathan slung a satchel over his shoulder and carried his pocket spy-glass and compass; while Lucy said she meant to explore the world under protection of Nep, the dog, whom she took with her. They gathered under the library window to take leave of their native land, and then set out in different directions. Mrs. Bodley watched them as they walked away, but did not see them again until just before tea time, when they all came up the avenue together.

"What, have you been traveling in company, after all?" she asked.

"Oh no, it was the most surprising thing," said Nathan; "we all met near the gate. We thought perhaps there would be an illumination or some guns fired on the return of the great explorers, but it seems pretty quiet."

"I hear the supper bell ringing now," said Mrs. Bodley, "and all the people will assemble at the table to hear the stories of the celebrated travelers. You know when great travelers come back the Historical Society gives them a dinner or supper. I will be the Historical Society, and invite you to an entertainment." So they all marched into the house, and after the celebrated travelers had washed off their stains, the Historical Society received them at the supper table, where an unusual feast of good things had been prepared.

"We 'll go off again," said Nathan enthusiastically, "if this is the reception we are to get on coming back."

"You must show that you have brought back something worth feasting you for," said the Historical Society with dignity. "Will Miss Lucy Bodley, the youngest of the three travelers, favor the Society with an account of her adventures?"

"Oh, they were n't adventures," said Lucy. "There was just one new thing that I saw, besides all the old ones. But I 'll tell you about it."

LUCY'S STORY.

"I went down the Hollow, because that was the first place I went to when we came to Roseland. I was a little bit of a girl then, and I remember that I saw a hand-organ man and his little girl Lisa; but this time there was nobody about, and I went into the pasture by the old well and across the pasture. Nep was with me and I did not feel afraid, and I wanted very much to see exactly what there was, clear over on the other side of the pasture. You know there 's a house over there where Mrs. Airly, who sometimes comes here to wash, lives, and I thought I would call that a foreign country, because Mrs. Airly is an Irish woman, and see what I could see there. When I got to the house Mrs. Airly was in the yard and knew me. 'Come in,' said she; 'I 've got a little niece with me just about as old as you are,' — I can't talk Irish, so I won't try, — 'and she 'd like to see you! I never knew she had any children in the house, but I knew you would let me go in, mamma, and I was very much surprised when I went in to see a little girl sitting by the window. There was a crutch by her side, and then I saw why Mrs. Airly asked me to come in instead of asking her niece to come out

to see me. She lives in Wrentham, but had come over to visit her aunt, and she had a beautiful geranium on the window-seat by her. I asked her where she got it, and she said she brought it with her, because she did n't dare to leave it at home. She patted the pot

Mrs. Early's Niece

with her hand; and I asked Mrs. Airly if I might bring Nep in, and she said I might, and so Nep came in, and Emily, that was the little girl's name, was a little afraid of him at first, but pretty soon she patted him, and she was such a nice little girl that I stayed there

all the afternoon. I was sure you would let me, mamma, for I have heard you say that Mrs. Airly was a very good woman."

"Her name is n't Airly," broke in Nathan. "It 's Early. Don't you know the line —

'Call me early, call me early, mother dear.'

That 's her name, but she says 'Call me airly.' "

"The little girl called her Aunt Becky. I think I should like to go to see her again, and take her some of my playthings."

"Well, Lucy's journey was a sensible one," said Mrs. Bodley. "She discovered a new person, and that was certainly like going to a foreign country. Now let us hear Phippy's account." Phippy immediately produced a very crumpled piece of paper, which she called her log-book, and consulted occasionally with a critical eye.

PHIPPY'S STORY.

"Left Roseland Castle at 3.30 P. M., the governess of the castle — that 's you, mamma — waving a flag, — that 's a pocket handkerchief, you know. Steered about due east " —

"Why, Phippy, you did n't go to sea," said Nathan.

"No matter, I steered, — there 's wind on land is n't there? — and made for the Grove. Visited Samson's Nut Cracker, the Gorge, and P. Bodley's tomb. All these I had seen before. Bore away to the northeast, and, let me see, by 4 P. M." —

"You did n't have any watch, Phippy."

"There were four o'clocks there, — you know there were," said she, triumphantly. "And by four o'clock, by several of them, in fact, followed along the pasture wall till I came near Mr. Porter's orchard. There was n't anything to see on our continent, so I

looked over the wall and saw Johnny Porter sitting on the ground, and Tom Porter pulling a branch down to get some apples.

"'Hallo, Tom Porter,' said I.

"'Hallo,' said he.

"'Getting apples?' said I.

"'Yes,' said he.

"'What kind are they?' said I.

"'Porter,' said he."

"Oh, come, Phippy, don't spin out your story so."

"That's the way they do in story books," said Phippy. "That would make several lines if it was printed, and it would be very easy reading. You'd get right to the bottom of the page and turn over before you were tired."

"Well," said Nathan, "I should very soon get tired of that stuff. Did you stay and play with those boys all the afternoon?"

"No, I came back and played with them. I went off first round the pasture, almost to Mrs. Early's, and then I went back, and Tom and Johnny were still in the orchard.

"'Hallo, Johnny,' said I.

"'Hallo,' said he."

"Come, now, Phippy, you're giving us that stuff right over again."

"No, I'm not, it was Tom Porter before; it's Johnny this time."

"Well, did he say they were Porter apples, too?"

"I didn't ask him."

"What did you ask him?"

"That's just what I was going to tell when you interrupted. I asked him if he'd show me his rabbits, and he did, and they were so cunning I forgot to look for anything else."

PORTER APPLES.

"Well," said Mrs. Bodley, "Phippy seems to have visited a zoölogical garden. What did you see, Nathan? Where did you go?"

NATHAN'S ADVENTURE.

"Well, I went away down to the farthest corner of the place, to that mound where the spruce-tree is, and climbed it to see if I could see the harbor from there. I always thought I could and meant to try. I got rather sticky, but I could see the water and I could make out the smoke of a steamer."

"Why, we can see that any day from the play-room up stairs," said Phippy.

"Yes, but I saw it from the spruce-tree. I was perched up there when I saw a man coming along the road, who got up on the wall and climbed over and lay down inside. I did n't know exactly what to do. I was n't exactly afraid" —

"Oh no."

"I say, I was n't exactly afraid, and I did n't want the poor man to be afraid of me, so after a while I began to whistle. He pricked up his ears and looked about him, and I whistled again. Then he looked up, and spied me. I thought I 'd speak first.

"'I hope you 've enjoyed your nap,' said I.

"'What are you doing up in that tree?' said he. You 'd have thought he owned the tree by the way he spoke.

"'I 'm looking at that steamer,' said I, pointing across to the smoke. 'You can see the harbor from up here!' I spoke in such a kind, friendly way that I don't think he was frightened any more, and he did n't think it necessary to look so fierce. He was sitting up by this time.

"'I would n't climb a tree to look at a steamer,' said he.

"'But you can't see it down there,' said I."

"Seems to me your story is modeled on mine, Nathan," said Phippy.

"It 's a true story, Phippy. I can't remember all the conversation. Boys never can, but girls do. Anyway he got to talking

A Path through the Ice.

about steamers and the harbor, and he said he crossed Boston Harbor that time, you know, when it was all frozen over, and saw a steamer cut its way through the ice — don't you remember?"

"Oh yes," said Phippy, "I remember, and always thought it a pity we could n't go. But what became of the man?"

"Oh, he stayed and stayed, he enjoyed my conversation so much,

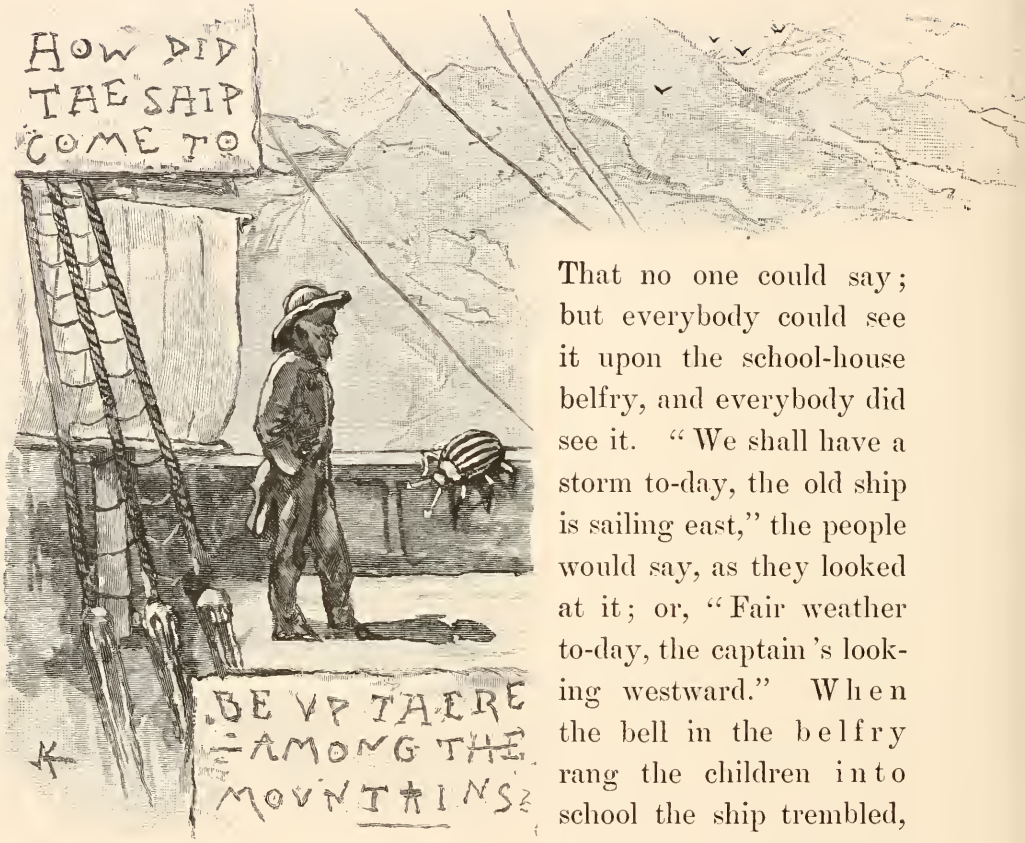
and at length he went away, and when he had gone far enough not to come back I shinned down."

"Well, Nathan," said his mother, "you seem to have been discreet in your journeying. When you fell in with the natives you parleyed with them at a safe distance. Perhaps discretion is a more valuable quality than courage in traveling, but both are sometimes needed."

Just then Martin came, bringing a letter from the post-office. It was addressed to Lucy.

"It is from Cousin Ned," said she, recognizing the handwriting, which was written with great plainness for Lucy's benefit. She opened the envelope. "Why, there 's no letter at all; it 's one of his little stories." Sure enough, Ned had amused himself writing a story for Lucy, and oddly enough it was a story of travel, so it came just in the nick of time, as an end to this Journey round the Garden.

THE OBSTINATE WEATHERCOCK.



That no one could say; but everybody could see it upon the school-house belfry, and everybody did see it. "We shall have a storm to-day, the old ship is sailing east," the people would say, as they looked at it; or, "Fair weather to-day, the captain's looking westward." When the bell in the belfry rang the children into school the ship trembled, but it kept on its course. And what was its course? Always in the teeth of the wind.

It was a full-rigged ship, all sails set, and the captain standing on the poop. He always stood there, rain or shine, fair weather or foul, morning, noon, and night, — such a faithful captain was he. His hands were in his pockets, and his tarpaulin was cocked on the

side of his head. Captain Prim, the children called him. Captain Prim had always sailed this ship. He could not remember the time when he had sailed any other. It was a long memory, too, that the captain had. He could remember the time when he lived in the same house with a golden cock and a galloping horse and a locomotive. Where were they now? Gone, no one knew where, while the captain — Captain Prim — was still sailing his ship. You may believe that the captain thought none the worse of himself for that.

Captain Prim was always ready to put his ship about whenever he saw a change of wind coming. At the slightest touch on his bronzed cheek, he would sing out: "Haul away on the main sheet! Belay there!" and round the ship would come, and the captain would look straight ahead and be ready for the next tack.

Whither was he bound? Ah, that 's the question. You could not have got it from the captain, but I will tell you. Although he looked so sturdy and knowing, deep down in his brave little heart was his secret, — he wanted to get out upon the open sea. It vexed him to be always in sight of land. He could n't get away from the dreadful mountains all about him, and once in a great while, when there was a fog, he was terribly anxious lest his ship should go on the rocks. So it was that night and day he kept his post and sailed in the teeth of the wind, for those were his sailing orders. "Captain," said a man whom he had known in his early days, "always sail in the teeth of the wind and you 'll do your duty."

One day he was startled by seeing a head looking at him over the rail.

"I say, there," said the head, "want a passenger?" and before

the captain could answer the stranger had climbed over the rail and stood on the deck, where he shook himself.

"Pretty dusty, eh!"

"Who are you?" growled the captain. "Land-lubber! dusty! out at sea!"

"Hear him!" laughed the passenger. "Why, captain, you have n't started yet."

"When you are as old as I am, young stranger," — began Captain Prim.

"When you 've traveled as far as I have," began the passenger, "you 'll know whether it 's dusty or not."

Captain Prim longed to ask him where he had come from, but his pride prevented.

"May be it is n't dusty between here and Colorado. May be these hills are n't pretty rough climbing. I 'm tired of it. I 'm ready for a voyage. Pull up your anchor and weigh it. Oh, I know a thing or two about the sea; just weigh your anchor and tell me how heavy it is, cap'n."

"Who are you, any way?" asked the captain, his curiosity getting the better of his pride.

"I? Did n't you ever see one of my family before? Why, I 'm a Potato Bug. I have had enough of this country. I 'm going abroad."

Just then the wind veered a little.

"Haul away on the main sheet!" cried the captain, and the Potato Bug, not seeing anybody at work, put his head down the hatchway and repeated the order.

"I say, chambermaid, the cap'n wants you;" but no one answered.

"Well, this is a ghostly ship," said the Potato Bug. "I 'm not going to work my passage."

"Belay there!" cried the captain, as the ship swung round and was still again.

"Oh, we 're going now, are we?" asked the passenger; "this is comfortable," and he crossed his legs. "But I say, cap'n," he began again, pretty soon, "we don't get ahead. I 've been watching that meeting-house and it does n't move a particle. It ought to. It ought to look as if it was moving. Oh, I know something about motion."

"Mind your business," said the captain, badly frightened. He, too, had always had an eye on that meeting-house, when the wind was in the west, and it bothered him that he should never seem to get by it.

"Well, I think I will. I'll get out of this Flying Dutchman," said the Potato Bug, getting up and climbing over the rail again. "I 'm a live passenger, I am. I 'm used to getting ahead in the world. You may stay and sail to nowhere, if you want to. Good-by!" and he dropped over the side.

"He 's an ignorant land-lubber," said Captain Prim, breathing a little more freely, but not daring yet to look at the meeting-house again. He could see the Potato Bug, a distant speck out on the end of the school-house, and then the Potato Bug was gone. But Captain Prim, now that he was alone again, kept firmly to his post. His hands were in his pockets, the tarpaulin was cocked on the side of his head, and he kept his ship head on to the wind. Obstinate fellow!

And what became of the Potato Bug? He had more traveling to do. He thought he would just look off over the roof of the

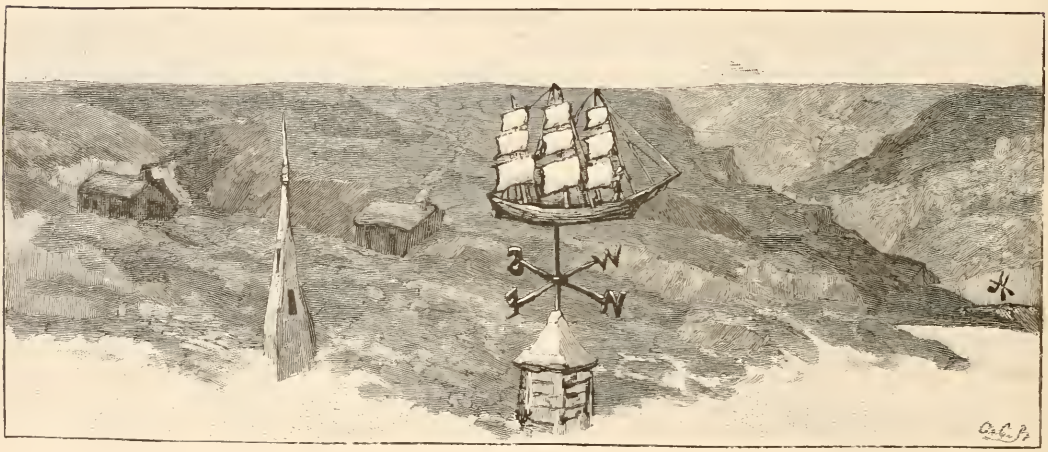
school-house, and make up his mind where to go next, but it made him dizzy, and down he dropped to the ground. Young McPherson found him there lying on his back.

"That's a fine specimen!" said he. "I'll send him home to the old folks."

But the old folks lived in Scotland, and so Potato Bug had to travel in an envelope across the ocean. In the darkness of that sealed envelope he thought of Captain Prim.

"Perhaps he knew what he was about. Perhaps he was doing his duty," Potato Bug said faintly to himself. "If ever I go to sea again, I'll go in Captain Prim's ship."

But he never went to sea again. He died of too much travel.



CHAPTER VIII.

DIVERS STORIES.

One day in September, Martin was in the stable early in the morning, dressing Mr. Bottom and giving him his breakfast. To dress him he took him to a corner of the barn, fastened his halter to an iron ring that hung there, and proceeded to comb him with a curry-comb, and brush him down with the horse-brush. When all this was through he would give him his breakfast of chopped hay and meal-hash, as he called it, and lead him to the trough for water. Mr. Bottom stood by the ring, and Martin was brushing his haunches, giving him a slap now and then to make him move, and uttering a sort of whistling sound as he polished Mr. Bottom's coat.

"Get round there, Mr. Bottom. Hi! there, don't step on my toes. Lively, now!" he was saying to the old horse, when a voice spoke out behind him: —

"Don't mind his toes, Mr. Bottom; they 're covered with nails." Martin turned short round.

"Hen! where did you drop from!"

"Hens drop, they don't get dropped."

"Well, I never. I heard you 'd been in Switzerland along with Mr. Bodley. Where 's your donkey?"

"Left him in Europe, where he belongs. Folks all well?"

"Yes, and they 'll be mighty glad to see you." Hen sat down by Mr. Bottom, on the threshhold of the carriage house, and took out his knife to whittle.

"That sounds like Nathan, in the shed," he said in a moment, and then began to whistle the tune of Admiral Benbow. He had

hardly whistled more than a stave or two before Nathan came running out of the shed. Mr. Bottom concealed Hen from his view, but Hen kept on whistling.

"Those are his legs!" shouted Nathan, who caught sight of a familiar pair stretched out. After Nathan, came Phippy and Lucy, who were not far behind, and they all began pulling Hen about, who kept on whistling until he had finished his tune.

"There!" said he. "Never begin a thing that you don't finish." He felt himself bound to treat the children with little moral precepts which he kept about him. "I thought maybe you 'd remember Admiral Benbow. How d' ye do? How 's your mother? How 's Nurse Young?"

"Oh, we 're all well," said Phippy. "How do you do? but what 's the use of asking, when we can see you. When did you get here? did Martin know you were coming?"

"No, I did n't know anything about it," said that young man. "Hen never lets on when he 's coming."

"Well, now you 're here," said Phippy, with great satisfaction, "and mean to stay, don't you?"

"Oh, I 'll stay till I go."

"What was it you brought Lucy?"

"Oh, you heard, did you? Well, let me see where it can be," and he began running his hand into one pocket after another. Then he got up and shook himself. Then he started to pull off his boots, but changed his mind. He passed his hand through his hair, which was very curly. "Oh, I remember now," he suddenly said, and stood looking down the avenue. "It 's in my chest." The children followed his eye. A small boy with a wheelbarrow was coming up the avenue, and on the wheelbarrow was Hen's chest. The boy looked exceedingly hot.

"Here, sonny," said Hen, as the boy came near. "You can put that chest right in the carriage-house. Martin won't mind. And here 's your dollar."

"A dollar, Hen! my time, did you hire that boy to wheel your chest out for a dollar. Any expressman would have brought it for a quarter."

"It 's worth a dollar," said the boy, sitting on the edge of his wheelbarrow, looking very limp.

"Of course it was," said Hen. "You see," he explained, as the boy trundled his wheelbarrow off, "the boy was on the wharf, right there, and he took the chest right on board and I showed him the way. He got going so slow though, for he could n't keep up with the buggy, that I told him where it was, and left him to follow."

"Did you come out in a buggy, Hen?"

"Why, yes. I 'm not much of a walker, and the buggy was right there on the wharf."

"Well, if you a'n't a traveler, Hen," said Martin. "I wonder you did n't get out and wheel the barrow."

"Well, I did a little way; you see the boy got rather tired."

"And you put him in the buggy?"

"Look here, Martin, I 'm here, and here 's my chest. There is n't any boy here. Let the boy go."

"He 's gone," said Martin chuckling to himself. Just then the breakfast bell rang, and the children went back to the house, promising to come out again as soon as breakfast was over. Mrs. Bodley came with them, and Hen ducked to her with great readiness.

"Mornin', Miss' Bodley. I saw Mr. B. at Mount Blank a few weeks ago. He was looking uncommon well. Hope you 're well?"

"Very well, Hen, and much obliged to you for coming back to us. You must make yourself at home here."

"Thank ye kindly. I mostly am," and he ducked again. Then he disappeared a moment in the carriage house and came back with something wrapped in paper. "I thought I'd bring something home to Lucy, to remember me by when I'm on the raging seas. That's what people call 'em, Lucy. I got this of a chap at Marseilles." It was a lovely piece of coral, and the children were enthusiastic over it.

"It was fished up at the Silver Banks of Hayti, ma'am."

"Did the man fish it up?" asked Lucy.

Hen looked round cautiously. "Well, yes. Should say he did. Yes, the very same chap went down there after it in a diving bell. You don't exactly fish for corals you know."

"I've brought up small shells in twenty feet of water down at Hyannis Port," said Nathan.

"Want to know! and you dove for them, did you?"

"Yes; off a rock."

"And how long did you stay under?"

"I guess about three minutes," said Nathan, reflecting.

"Just wait a minute," said Hen, pulling out a heavy silver watch. He looked steadily at the face, and when one of the children began to speak, he raised his forefinger. After a while, he put it back in his pocket. "Three times as long as that?"

"Well, that does seem rather long."

"Two times is long," said Hen. "I've seen those fellows in the Mediterranean dive for sponges, and if they stay under two minutes they think it doing pretty well."

"How do they get the sponges?" asked Lucy.

"They tear them off the rocks, or they cut them off with a knife they carry down."

"What fun!" said Nathan.

"And did the man you knew dive for this coral?" asked Lucy. "Did you see him dive?"

Diving for Sponges.

"Well, come to think of it," said Hen, "he did n't exactly dive for it. It was his brother who was a diver, and went down in a diving bell."

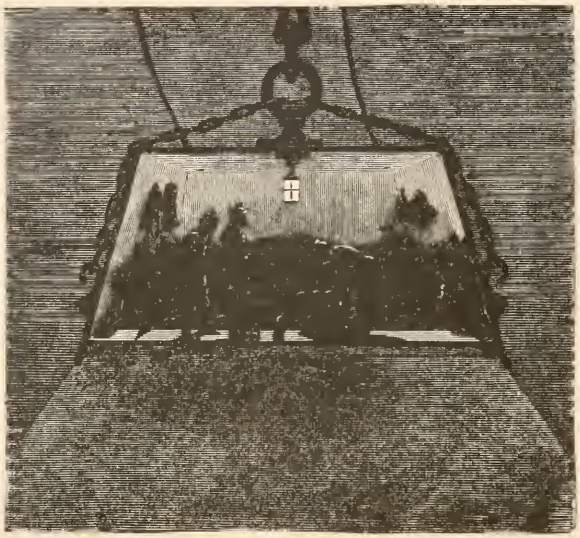
"Oh, I 'd like that," said Phippy. "Hen, did you ever go down in a diving bell?"

Hen looked about him. "Well, yes. Yes, I went down once."

"What was it like?"

"It was rather tight across the chest. I expect you can tell about it better than I, ma'am."

"I suppose Hen felt the compression of the air. The diving bell holds some air, but it is soon exhausted, and fresh air has to be pumped in."



Interior of a Diving Bell.

"That's it," said Hen. "I've seen them working a diving bell. There are seats inside, where they sit down till they get to the bottom of the sea. Then they move the bell about when they want to change the place, and so they go poking round under water. I should n't like it."

"It seems to me," whispered Phippy to Nathan, "that Hen is only telling what he has heard."

"Should n't like it for steady work," said Hen, presently, his ears being pretty sharp. "But the divers who go down in armor have a better time. I saw some of them in Marseilles. They've got a new kind, Mrs. Bodley. They carry a box of air on their back, and draw from that, and the people up above pump fresh air into it."

"The people up above?" asked Lucy.

"Yes: you see the man that goes down gets into an India-rubber

suit, — trousers, boots, and jacket, all one piece, don't you see, with a helmet that rests on his shoulders, and has an air pipe that is as long as can reach from the top of the water to the bottom, and the people up above keep that filled with fresh air. He gets into his heavy armor, has a line fastened to his belt, so that he can be pulled up when he signals, drops off into the water, and when he gets to the bottom goes about like a great beetle."

"How does he see?" asked Phippy.

"Oh, he has glass windows in his helmet. It 's pretty light down there."

"But what do they go poking about for? Sponges?"

"Yes, I suppose so, and pearls. And then the men that lay the foundations for piers of bridges sometimes work so. They say everything 's lighter down at the bottom, and you can use a crowbar just like a walking stick."

French Diving Apparatus.

"Then you never tried it?" said Phippy, innocently.

"No, I never tried it. Well, no. There was n't anything very heavy lying round when I went down. But say, Nathan, that 's the way they go down sometimes to bring up things from wrecks."

"I was reading only the other day," said Mrs. Bodley, "of some deep-sea diving, off the coast of China, where a ship had sunk with

a great deal of money on board. The ship was lost near a high rock, and no vessel could get near to it, so the divers went out in a boat, and hunted and hunted till they found the wreck. The after part was nearly two hundred feet below the surface of the water, and it was there that the treasure was. The man who went down found that worms had eaten into the boxes containing the coins, and these lay in heaps before him. He worked four hours at one time below, and came up very much exhausted, but he secured about forty thousand pounds sterling."

Divers at Work.

"I'd go down for that," said Hen.

"But he came near losing it all. He was very much exhausted, and wanted some water, so his companion volunteered to go up to the top of the island and fetch some. When he was getting his water he looked off and saw a great fleet of white sails coming from the main land. He hurried back and told the diver, who said they must be Chinese piratical junks."

"I know the fellows," said Hen. "His life was n't worth ten cents if he got into their hands."

"So he thought, and though he was nearly dead with fatigue,

they both took the oars, for the wind was light, and by hard pulling they managed to get into Shanghae safely, but they did not go back for the rest. But, bless me! why, Nathan, do you know what time it is? it wants only twenty minutes of nine o'clock. You must all scamper off to school this minute."

A Chinese Junk.

"Good-by, Hen," they shouted. "Be sure and be here when we come back." They were half afraid he would give them the slip and be off no one knew where. But Hen was in no hurry to go to sea again. He was very well contented to stay with the Bodleys.

CHAPTER IX.

THANKSGIVING.

The Sunday before Thanksgiving Day the Bodleys were at church, and watching eagerly for the unfolding of that great sheet of printed paper which contained the Governor's Proclamation of

the annual Thanksgiving. They knew perfectly well that the day was coming on Thursday, but the announcement of it in church with so much formality always gave them great satisfaction. So they listened to the sounding phrases, and heard the final "God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts!" with almost as much solid pleasure as the eating of the dinner itself afforded. Their chief joy, however, was in the anticipation of their father's return. He had sailed, that they knew, and he had promised that he would be at home on Thanksgiving Day; but as Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday went by without any sign of the Malta, they began to be uneasy. The turkey had come, the mince pies had been made, and the kitchen had been busy with signs of preparation; but what would a Thanksgiving dinner be without their father! Thursday morning opened bright, sunny, and cold, and the family came down to breakfast. The children had all been in the play-room at the top of the house, looking by turns through Nathan's spy-glass, and trying to make out the Malta in Boston harbor.

"I thought I saw it once," said Nathan. "I made out what looked like black smoke."

"Hen says she ought to be in to-day," said Lucy.

"But it 's an English steamer," said Phippy, "and she won't care anything about its being Thanksgiving Day."

"You don't mean to say he has n't come yet?" said a voice from the china-closet. The children looked at each other, and then all sprang up from the table just as Ned Adams walked out of the closet.

"Now, Ned," said Phippy, "I think that 's real mean. I thought for just a second it was papa. How did you get here? What makes you so dusty? Why, you 're all over coal."

"Am I?" said the young gentleman, screwing his head round to get a view of his shoulders. "Well, there was some coal there."

"You did n't come in through the coal-window, surely?" said his aunt.

"Then, why did n't you leave a door open? I don't think it very hospitable, when I come out here early in the morning, for you to keep every place locked except the coal-window. I 'll warrant Uncle Charles is down in the coal-bin now."

"Oh, let 's go and look!" said Phippy, eagerly. "But of course he is n't. It 's only young collegians like you who try to surprise us so. How did you get up-stairs?"

"Oh, Levia guessed I was coming, and came down cellar just at the right time, at least not a bit too late;" and Levia looked very red as she moved about, setting a place for Ned.

"Did she scream?" asked Nathan, when Levia had left the room.

"She could n't decide whether to scream or to faint, and while she was making up her mind I took the chance to tell who I was."

"You deserve to go back to the coal-bin," said his aunt, "breaking in in this fashion, but instead you may go up-stairs and get ready for breakfast. You will have to take your uncle's place at dinner, I 'm afraid," she said, when he had come down-stairs again; "but we won't give him up until dinner is over."

They all went to church, and listened with what patience they could to the sermon, and then hurried home. The children ran up the avenue, racing for the first glimpse of their father, but he had not come, and Lucy went straight up-stairs to Nurse Young to have a quiet cry over her disappointment. Ned had gone into town directly after church to see if he could learn any news of the Malta, and Phippy and Nathan had again climbed up into the window-seat, spy-glass in hand, in a vain lookout for the steamer.

"Come, come," cried Mrs. Bodley, at the foot of the stairs. "I have an errand for you all before dinner." They came down slowly and gathered in the hall.

"I want to send something to Mrs. Early and Emily for their Thanksgiving dinner, and you may all go over there together." The basket was ready, and there was besides a mould of cape cranberries and a jar of Tamworth blackberry jam, to be carried separately, so the children were each laden, and they set off across the fields to Mrs. Early's house. They found Emily in her seat by the window, and Mrs. Early by the fire smoking a pipe. They were very much surprised at this, and stood looking so hard and with such open eyes, that Mrs. Early laughed and said: —

Mrs. Early.

"Your mother does n't smoke, I know. Well, well, it 's a poor habit, and when I get older I mean to break it off. Emily does n't smoke."

"Aunt Rebecca says it 's good for the geranium," said Emily softly. Her crutch was by the side of her chair and her geranium on the window-seat.

"Has your father come back?" asked Mrs. Early.

"No, not yet," said Nathan. "We 're expecting him every minute. Is your father coming to Thanksgiving?" he asked Emily. Emily did not answer.

"Never mind, dear," said Mrs. Early, putting her pipe down and going up to the child. "See what Mrs. Bodley has sent. Cranberry! Why, here 's a cranberry tart."

"That 's for Emily herself," said Phippy. "I made that yesterday; Lucy stirred the cranberry, and I rolled the crust." Mrs. Early took occasion of this diversion to whisper to Nathan, —

"The child's father is a-dying, out at Wrentham. She 's just heard. We had n't told her before." Lucy had seen by the tears in Emily's eyes that something was wrong, and was standing by her, holding her hand.

"I tell you what, Emily," said Nathan; "I 'll come down with the little cart after dinner and drag you up to our house. Don't you want to come?"

"Oh, that will be splendid," said Phippy, "and we can have games."

"Do come," said Lucy, in a half whisper. Emily had been several times to the house, and loved dearly to go. Her little heart was easily moved, and she looked up with a smile.

"You 're real good, Nathan," she said.

"Oh, not a bit," said he. "See, I can make a cart wheel," and before the children could protest, he was spinning over Mrs. Early's floor. He came down disastrously at the end of the whirl, but they all laughed so hard that the Bodleys tumbled out of the house and began capering up the road before Emily's window. They sobered down presently.

"You did n't hear," said Nathan, "but Mrs. Early told me that Emily's father was going to die, and she had just told her."

"I knew something was the matter," said Phippy. "I just knew something was the matter by the way Emily looked." Lucy said nothing aloud. She was saying over and over to herself, —

"Oh, if father should die; what if he has been drowned on that dreadful steamer!"

They passed the old well in the pasture, and so by the Hollow up to the pleasant lawn. Nathan was just saying, "I wonder if Ned has come back yet," when he burst out: —

"I see him! I saw him first!" and he sped like an arrow across the grass. After him ran Phippy, but she stopped, turned, and held out her hand: —

"Quick, Lucy, catch my hand!" and so the two girls scampered up to the door. Yes, there stood their father in the doorway. He had that moment arrived, and the three children in a twinkling had their arms about his neck, and little Lucy, sobbing for very gladness, had buried her face in his bosom.

"It 's good to get back!" said Mr. Bodley, while Mrs. Bodley, smiling with mouth and eyes, looked at her husband and children. Ned came a half an hour afterward to tell them that the Malta was just in, and it was a happy, merry company that sat about the table.

In the afternoon, Nathan and the girls went with the little cart for Emily, and they spent the afternoon playing games. Martin went to town with Mr. Bottom and brought out Mr. Bodley's luggage, and the games were very much interrupted by the constant running back and forth as the trunks were unpacked; but the pleasantest time was in the evening, when the family were alone before the wood-fire in the dining-room. The lamp was not lighted, and they talked and chatted.

"I do hope you never will go away again," said Lucy.

"If I do, I hope I may take you all with me, for I was very lonely without you."

"I like it very much better when we all go together," said Lucy. "We came out here together. I remember that first day. It was the first journey I remember a great deal about, and it was only three miles long."

"Yes," said Phippy, "and don't you remember how Nathan shot an arrow over at the orphans?"

"And how he fell off the pigsty?" added Lucy.

"Seems to me you remember my misfortunes pretty well," said Nathan. "That was the year father suspended."

"And we ate Nathan's pig," quickly added his mother.

"I remember that Thanksgiving Day very well," said Mr. Bodley. "It was quite as pleasant as this."

"It was after that that we had our picture-gallery," said Phippy.

"I think I ought to have some reminiscences," said Ned. "Let me see, there was the Mother Goose party, and the coasts we had on Japhet."

"And don't you remember my birthday," said Lucy, "when we all drove to the printing-office?"

"And the time we drove to Cambridge and Bunker Hill and Faneuil Hall," said Nathan.

"And how Nathan sold eggs in Faneuil Hall Market," added Phippy, slyly. "That was not so very long ago."

"It was before we took our drive down the coast to Newburyport," said her mother.

"Oh, I never shall forget that as long as I live," said Phippy. "I mean to take my children on just such a drive."

"Papa," said Nathan, "I wish you would let Ned and me walk through Europe just as when we went to New Haven last spring."

"Just the thing!" said Phippy, "and we'll meet you on the

way, and surprise you at Paris, or Constantinople, or some other place."

"I think the family has done quite enough traveling for the present," said Mrs. Bodley. "We must wait till you 're a little older."

"After all," said Mr. Bodley, "if you had got back from a journey, as I have, you 'd think no place quite so delightful as home. Come, Sarah, open the piano, and we 'll all sing 'Dulce Domum.' That 's not a bad Thanksgiving song;" and so the lamp was lighted, the piano opened, and the Bodleys gathered about to sing the sweet song: —

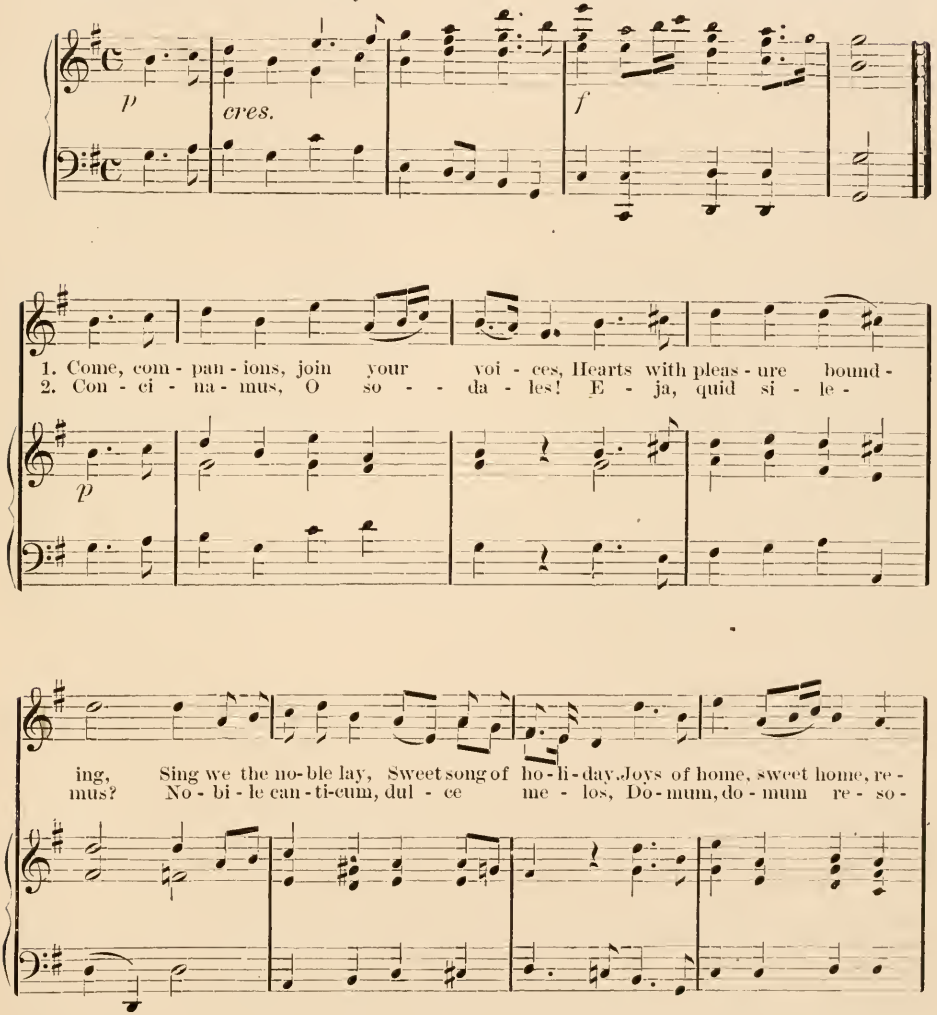
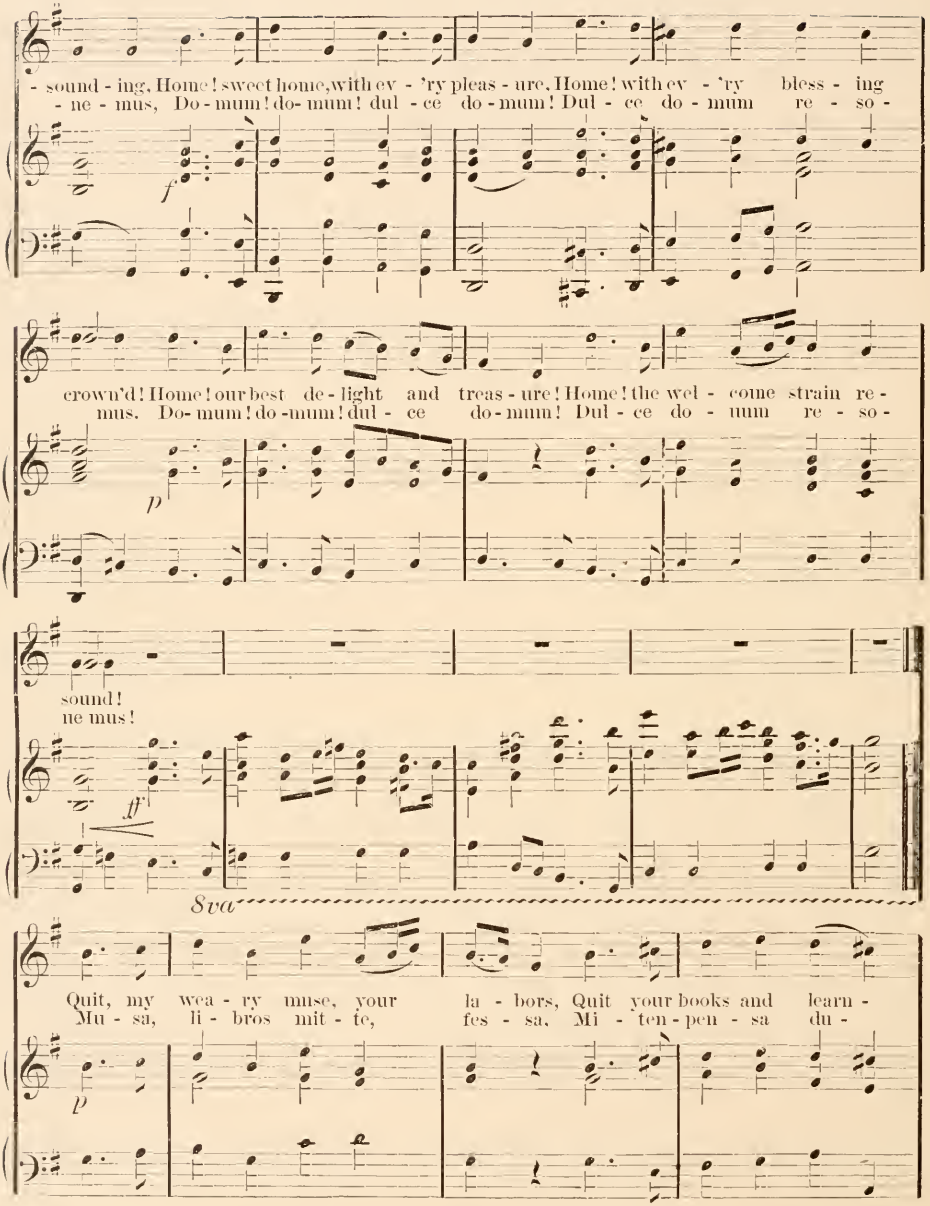
Come, companions, join your voices.

(Dulce Domum.)

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

♩ = 100.
Moderate time, and smoothly.

Tune attributed to John Reading.


p
cres.
f
1. Come, com - pan - ions, join your voi - ces, Hearts with pleas - ure bound -
2. Con - ci - na - mus, O so - - da - les! E - ja, quid si - le -
p
ing, Sing we the no-ble lay, Sweet song of ho - li - day. Joys of home, sweet home, re -
mus? No - bi - le can - ti-cum, dul - ce me - los, Do - mum, do - mum re - so -

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crown'd! Home! our best de - light and treas - ure! Home! the wel - come strain re -
mus. Do - mum! do - mum! dul - ce do - mum! Dul - ce do - mum re - so -
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8va
Quit, my wea - ry muse, your la - bors, Quit your books and learn -
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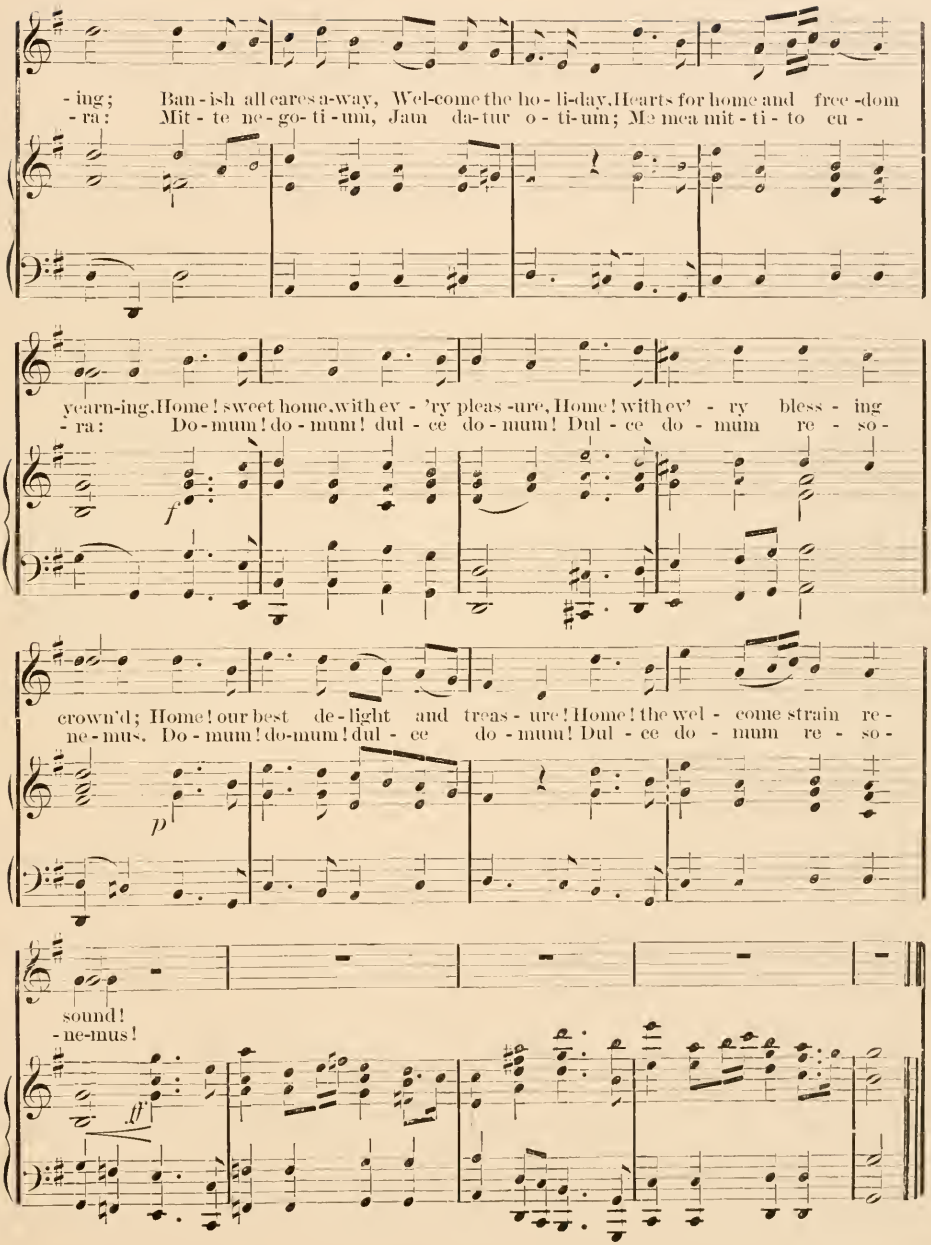
- ing; Ban - ish all cares a-way, Wel-come the ho - li-day, Hearts for home and free -dom
- ra: Mit - te ne - go - ti - um, Jam da-tur o - ti-um; Me mea mit - ti - to cu -
yearn-ing. Home! sweet home, with ev - 'ry pleas -ure, Home! with ev' - ry bless - ing
- ra: Do - mum! do - mum! dul - ce do - mum! Dul - ce do - mum re - so -
f
crown'd; Home! our best de - light and treas - ure! Home! the wel - come strain re -
ne - mus. Do - mum! do-mum! dul - ce do - mum! Dul - ce do - mum re - so -
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sound!
- ne-mus!
ff

CHAPTER X.

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

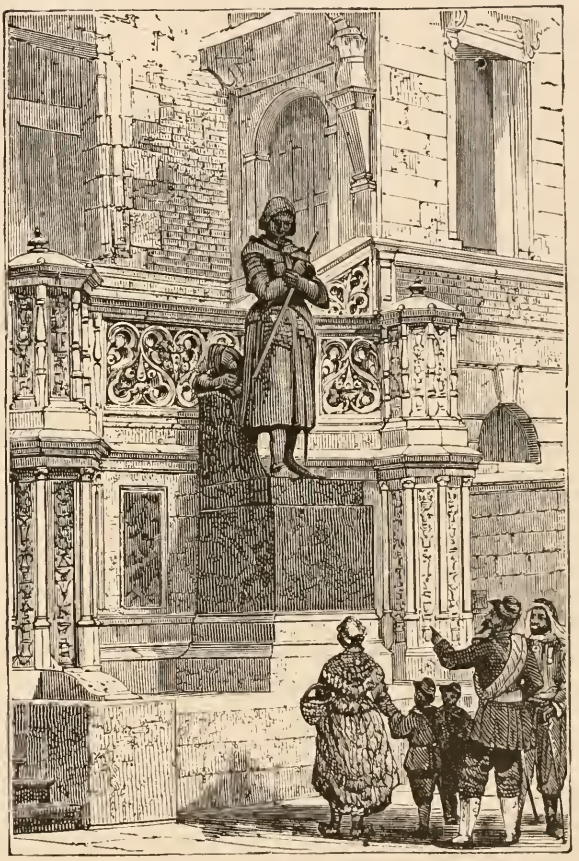
In the winter Mr. Bodley traveled to Europe over again, but this time in a very simple and agreeable manner, in company with his family. He had brought home a good many photographs and engravings, and he took the leisure evenings for making a scrap-book of these, arranging them in the order of his journey. Many of the pictures illustrated what he had written about, and the children grew very familiar with them. Then when they came across anything in their books about places or people in Europe, they were very sure to go to papa and papa's scrap-book for further information, and it often happened that a whole evening would be spent by Mr. Bodley in answering questions. So it was that one evening Phippy, who had been reading a story, found something in it about the Maid of Orleans.

"Papa," said she, "who was the Maid of Orleans? Did you see her?"

"No, Phippy, I did not see her, though I saw her statue in Orleans when I was there. Here it is in my scrap-book. Would you like to hear about her?" Phippy's book was instantly shut, and Nathan and Lucy bent over the scrap-book with her, as her father turned the pages and told them the story of Joan of Arc.

"You know that England and France are two separate countries, having different people and different rulers, but it was not always so. From France, the Normans crossed the English Channel, and made themselves masters of the land. That was about the time that the Northmen made their voyages to this country. Then

nearly four hundred years afterwards, seventy years before Columbus again discovered our country, the English were making war upon France, and claiming to rule it, and the French king, Charles, was very hardly pushed. The principal point of attack by the English was the town of Orleans, on the banks of the river Loire. They had laid siege to the place, and so grave seemed the time that some were even advising king Charles to flee to Spain, or even to Scotland, for Scotland was then a separate country from England, and very apt to be at war with it, and friendly with France.



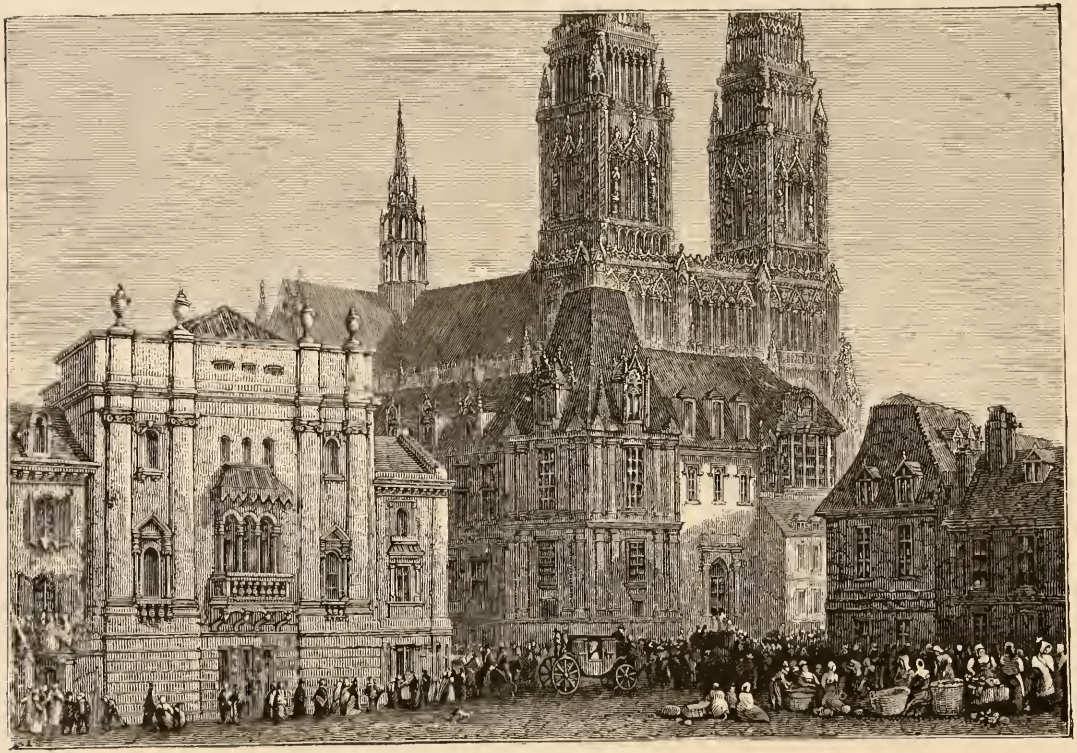
Statue of Joan of Arc, at Orleans.

"Now, there was a little village, called Vaucouleurs, not far from the border of France and Germany, and placed in a wooded and hilly country. Here, at the village inn, was a country girl from the neighborhood, named Joan of Arc, who was a servant, and as she waited at the table she heard many stories of the distress of France

and of the French king. She was different from the people about her, a silent, devout girl, who thought about many things, and passed much of her time alone. In that wild country the peasants, ignorant and simple, were used to think that everything strange came from fairies or from saints and angels. If there was anything which they could not explain, they thought it had to do with the other world, for to them the other world was close about them, and when they walked through the woods, or sat by the fountains, they were expecting to hear the wings of fairies, or to see visions of saints and angels.

"Joan could not read, but she went to church and heard the gospels, and the prayers, and the psalms. Before she was a maid at the inn, she was a shepherd girl, and I think she must often have thought of David keeping his sheep, and of the shepherds who heard the song of the angels. She brooded over the wrongs of her country and her country's king, and when she thought of those English invaders, she remembered the psalms of David, and how he called on God to arise and smite His enemies; she remembered how David himself went from keeping his sheep to fight alone the giant Goliath. She had from childhood seen visions, as she thought; sometimes of the Archangel Michael, sometimes of Saint Catherine, or Saint Margaret, and now, wrought to excitement by the wrongs of her country, she heard a voice, which she said was the voice of God, bidding her go to the help of King Charles.

"She went to the chief magistrate of Vaucouleurs, and so eloquently did this silent maid plead, that the rough man, much wondering, determined to send her on. He gave her a suit of man's clothes and a horse, and, placing her under the care of an escort, sent her forward to the king's camp at Chinon. There was the



ORLEANS.

king in the midst of his companions, and, to test her powers, he appeared like them, dressed no differently, and not marked in any way. Joan, not hesitating, went straight to the one man out of three hundred. Charles listened to her as she told her visions and her mission. She had been sent by God, she said, for the deliverance of France. Some jeered and scoffed, but there were many who were ready to believe her. How could France be saved in this extremity, except by a miracle? and here was the miracle, a woman sent of God. Joan cared nothing for herself or her honor. She was filled with an enthusiasm for her country and her God, and that made people believe her. Charles believed her. At any rate he saw what power she had. He gave her a suit of armor, and gaining confidence every day, he finally gave her a little army of six thousand men or more, and with them she marched to the relief of Orleans. There she sent a message to the English general, calling on him in the name of God to deliver the kingdom to its rightful heir, or she would drive him out of the country. The English killed her messenger and treated Joan with contempt. But Joan showed herself a true leader of men. She was everywhere, inspiring her followers with courage and zeal. She succeeded in introducing provisions into the besieged city; she outwitted the English general. She succeeded finally in bringing her army within the walls of Orleans; and now the city reënforced, and full of devotion to the maid, fought desperately. Joan herself was on the walls, directing, encouraging, inspiring the soldiers. The French called her a saint, the English called her a sorceress, and began to say that it was an unequal contest, for they were fighting against powers of the air. They lost confidence, and gave way before the French. Twice did Joan sally out at the head of her troops and drive the English before her; and

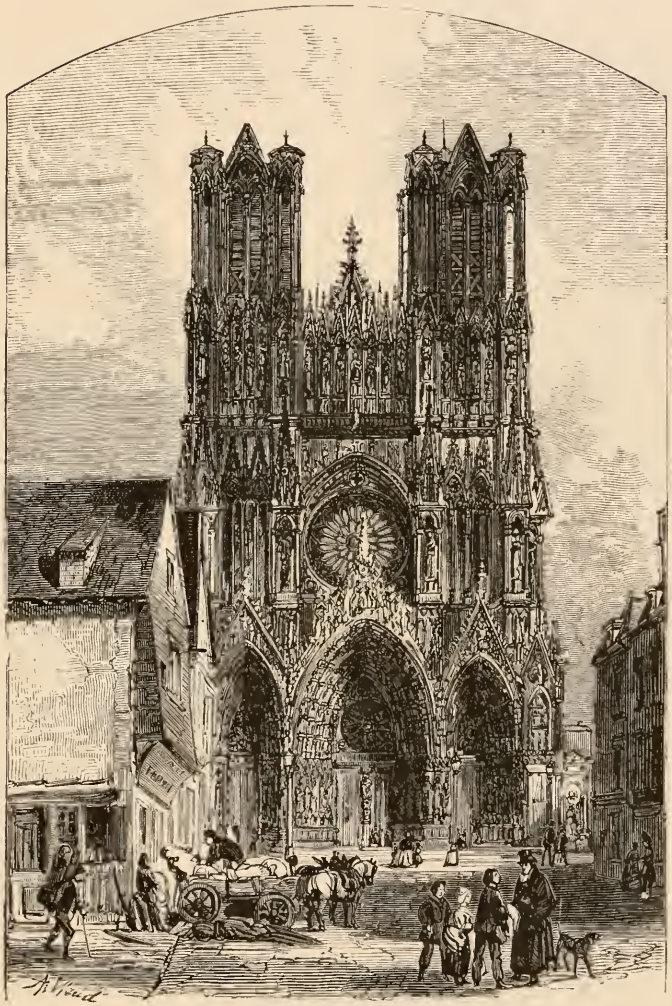
at length, making a wild attack upon the bastile of Tournelles, Joan herself scaling the ramparts, sword in hand, the French threw the English into unutterable confusion. These fled, leaving sick and wounded, and arms and ammunition, behind them. The siege was raised, and Orleans was delivered.

"Then Joan went to Tours where Charles was. Though called king, and claiming to be king, he had not yet been crowned, and Joan coming before him, still obeying the voice which she heard, knelt and delivered her message, that he was to go to Rheims to be consecrated. The English still held possession of that ancient city where the kings of France had for generations received their crowns; but, dispirited by the loss of battle at Orleans, they gave way again before the Maid of Orleans, who rode by the side of Charles, and, defeated in battle at Patay, left Rheims to the conquering army, its king, and its heroine.

"In the splendid cathedral of that city Charles was crowned king of France, and Joan declared her work accomplished. She had no thought for her own honor; she had saved France; Charles had been consecrated king. For herself, she wished now that God would suffer her to go back to the woods and fields of Domremy, to take care of her poor father and mother, and feed once more her sheep and lambs. But she could not go back to that simple life. She had been appointed to another end. Paris was still in the hands of the enemy, and Charles had not the enthusiasm of Joan. The victory gained was slipping out of hands that had not the nerve to hold it, and once more Joan appeared before Charles, and demanded, in obedience to her visions, that the army should march upon Paris. Charles hesitated, his generals were cautious, and they moved forward slowly. But at length they came before the city, and

TOURS. AFTER J M. W. TURNER.

Joan of Arc, springing before the army, sword in hand, dashed



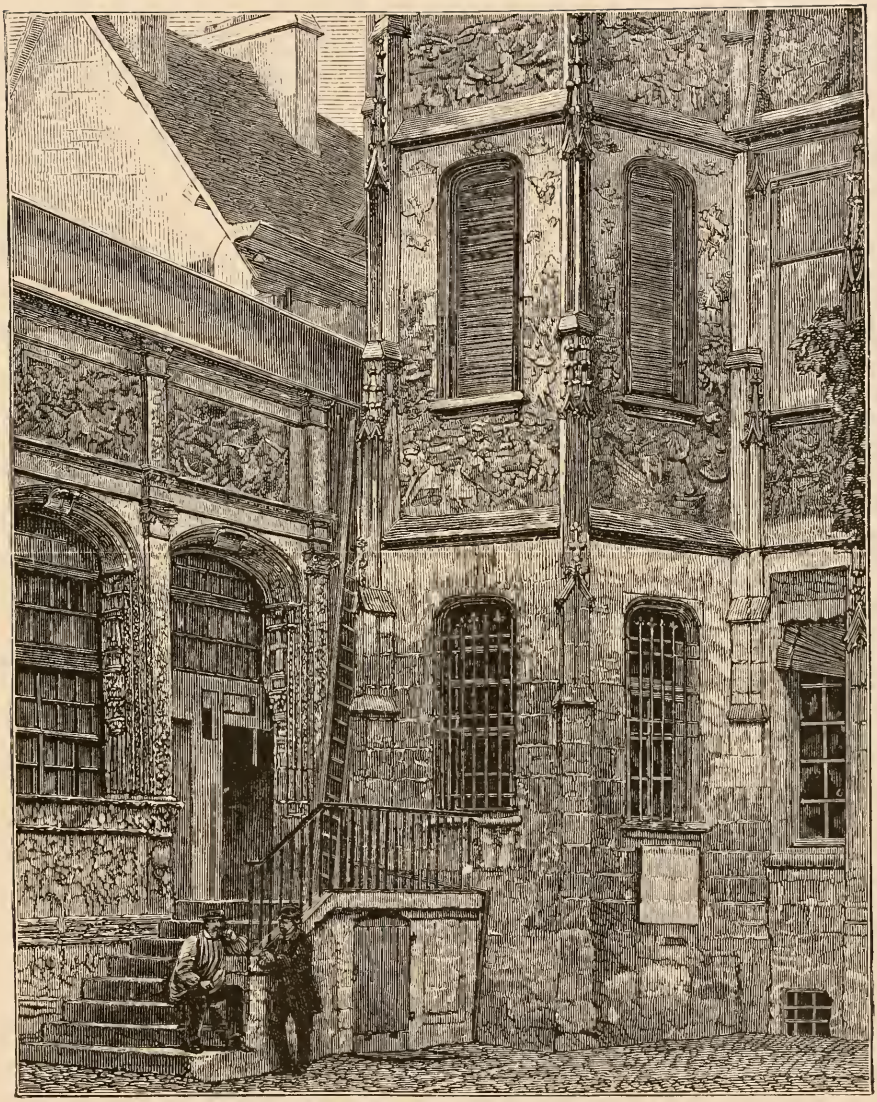
Rheims Cathedral.

up to the walls and called upon the English to render up the city to its rightful owners. The storm of battle raged about her, and

she fell pierced by an arrow from an English archer; wounded, she still urged on the men; but night came, the city was not taken, and a retreat was ordered. In vain Joan besought the generals to make a stand. The army fell back, while the English and some treacherous French allies sallied forth from the city and pursued Charles and his forces. Compiegne was besieged, and Joan, who had partially recovered from her wounds, made a dash with some faithful followers into the city, placed herself at the head of the forces there, and again confronted the English. Taking a handful of men, she sallied out from the gates and rushed upon the enemy. Her men were cut down, and, falling back step by step, she sought to regain the walls of the city. She reached the gates, but base treachery within had closed them against her. She was alone upon her horse, shut out from those she was defending, and at the mercy of the men she was fighting. They dragged her from her horse and took her prisoner to the English camp.

Joan of Arc Tower.

"There were base Frenchmen in alliance with the English, and Joan was delivered over to them to be tried. She was accused of rebellion and of sorcery. For four months she was under trial and torture at Rouen, a picturesque old city with a famous cathedral,



HÔTEL DU BOUNGTHEROULDE.

and they show still the round tower in which Joan was confined, and where she was tried and tortured. Poor girl! there was no one to defend her. She had a homesickness for the old Domremy woods and pastures, but she would not yield to the tortures, and she maintained that she had been only obedient to the visions which God had given her. I stood, when in Rouen, in the old Hôtel du Boungtheroulde, used now as a banking-house, and looked out on the market-place, where there is a fountain with a cross above it. On that spot, May 20, 1431, in the twenty-ninth year of her age, Joan of Arc was burned to death in the presence of her judges and of a vast company of French and English. It was a terrible end, but that hour of suffering only makes brighter the heroism of the girl and the cowardice and ignominy of her king and her persecutors. In the midst of the flames she was faithful to those who had been faithless to her.

"'Whatever I have done,' she shouted, 'well or ill, my king is not to blame.'

"'My voices were from God; the voices have not deceived me.'

"Think of that! she believed in her divine mission, and she forgave her enemies. Ah, Phippy, I sometimes hear you talking about the grand things you would like to do. The greatness of Joan of Arc was not seen half so much when she was flashing her sword before the army, as when she was dying alone but obedient in the flames at Rouen."

This was not the last story which Mr. Bodley told to the children, nor was it the last journey which he took, but after this the children were busy with their schools and their books. Nathan

was getting ready for college; Ned Adams was nearly ready to leave college. The Bodley Family lived on, even though the children gradually ceased to be children. Yet I do not like even now to say good-by to them. If we could only keep them young a little while longer!

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